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MARY'S SHMALL VITE LAMB.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Mary had a shmall vite lamb,
Mit fur so fine like silk,
Und efery dime dot lamb vood shgweal
She'd gafe id blass of milk.

He vas a nice und poody lamb,
He's frond name dot vas Pede,
Und ven dere vas some milk around
He vas bully on der ead.

Dot lamb he use to blay mit her,
Und frisk, und jumb und run,
Und shase her all around der blace—
By Golly, dot was fun!

She bushed a awful vite dot lamb,
Und he growed, und growed, und growed,
Dill brmeby den he vas a ram,
Und he's leedle horns dem showed.

Den Mary use to gafe him grass,
Und oats, und beans und corns,
Und ven he vas full ub mit dot
He'd bunk her mit he's horns.

Bud Mary she don'd like him den,
He vas doo shdrong und shdout,
Und she voodn't had him in der house—
She said, "Dot vas blayed out."

Von day dem vent to took a valk,
Und he begunned to shgweal,
So she selled him to a Budcher's boy
To end ub indo veal.

Der boy he shnatched him by der shnoud,
Und says:—"Your fate vas booked!"
Den shticked a knife by he's left ear,
Und now he's muddon's cooked.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOYCE DORMER'S" STORY.

CHAPTER VII.

IL PURGATORIO.

When Jasper Seaton left Diana he strode downstairs and out into the open air. It was no matter that the sun was blazing with full force, driving every one else into the shade. He had borne hotter days in India, and why should he care for the heat? Besides, he scarcely felt it; or, if he did, it was cool in comparison with the fever that was burning within. He threw himself down upon the turf under a clump of beach trees, and endeavored to collect the thoughts that were tossing hither and thither, like the waves of a troubled sea. He tried to stifle a voice that was struggling to be heard, but whose feeble whisper a deeper, hoarser tone was drowning.

"Anne!"

Involuntarily, as if in answer to the voice, he spoke his sister's name aloud; and then he started and looked around, as though he half expected an answer to his ejaculation.

But all was silence, save the summer sounds that filled the air with a listless music. There was no one near; yet still he closed his lips tightly, as though to prevent any word from unadvisedly slipping out. Thus he lay for some time, a warfare going on within his soul. Would he struggle out of Purgatory into Paradise, or would he sink deeper, deeper?

He sprang up. It was not for him to determine then. Things must float on a little; there was no need to decide just then. He must see how the current ran. The tide might turn—every thing was as chaos yet. It was better not to think at all—at any rate, not at present.

Yet he could not help thinking, as he pursued his way; now in the shadow of the tall, full-leaved trees; now exposed to the hot blaze of the sun.

The first person he met was Dr. Crawford, panting along in as much shade as was to be found by the side of a low hedge that ran across a wide field.

"Terribly hot day," said Dr. Crawford, stopping under a thorn that had shot higher than the parent hedge, and fanning himself with his straw hat. "Terribly hot. A most unfortunate day for any one to die upon."

Jasper, aroused from his reverie, looked up in surprise.

"I beg your pardon."

"Ah! of course, I should explain myself. John Amos is really dying at last—a most inconvenient time; but people never think of that, and the parson is hurried off upon all occasions."

"I'll walk with you," said Jasper; to whom it all at once occurred that the rector was by no means the last person whom it was desirable for him to see.

"You'll find it hot."

"Not at all," returned Jasper. "I don't feel it in the least."

"You are a most singular person, Jasper. Heat and cold appear to have no effect upon you."

"None whatever. I fancy I am weather-proof."

"I wish I were," responded the rector, who was becoming hotter and hotter every moment. "I should not object to a glass of that pale sherry of yours at the present crisis. I'm regularly done up. It's the best sherry I've tasted for some time. Where did you get it?"

"From Allen, I think."

"Allen! Nonsense! Allen never had such sherry in stock as that. I've tasted every cask in his cellar."

"Ah, perhaps it came from London," said Jasper, turning over in his mind how to edge in the subject that was uppermost in his thoughts. It would be too sudden a transition at present; so he was obliged to let the rector wonder on about the sherry, and answer him as well as he could. Every now and then there seemed to be an approach to a diversion; but just as Jasper was going to take advantage of it, it vanished away, and the rector propounded some further query relative to the much-praised wine.

"It's been in my head ever since I tasted it," he said.

"Really? It must be strong then," returned Jasper, ironically.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the rector. "Capital Jasper, capital; a very good joke, very good indeed! It's not often you make one."

"No."

And Jasper's thoughts at that moment were far enough away from joking. But it is a singular phenomenon in human nature, how oddly the ludicrous and the serious in life often come into collision, and how great a relief it often is that this phenomenon should exist. Jasper felt cooler after he had perpetrated his joke; calmer, as though he could make his inquiries without betraying his feelings.

And Dr. Crawford was, as a general rule, obtuse; so there might, perhaps, be no risk.

"Is Mr. Carteret going to remain long with you?" he asked, in as unconcerned a manner as possible.

"Not now; but I've promised him a title: so he will return here as soon as he is ordained, and remain with me until he meets with something better. Mine will be a mere nominal affair."

"Oh!"

And Jasper wondered whether Dr. Crawford was aware of Mr. Carteret's engagement. Dr. Crawford had, however, determined not to be the first to allude to it. And they walked on in silence.

"Do you know what Mr. Carteret's prospects are?" asked Jasper, brusquely.

"The church," replied the rector, concisely.

"Indefinite, then?"

"Very; quite a matter of chance."

"I suppose you have heard of this absurd engagement?" said Jasper, after another pause.

"Mr. Carteret mentioned it, and Mrs. Seaton did not seem to disapprove."

"No. I can't imagine what my mother was thinking of."

"Mr. Carteret is of good family and of tolerable position, and is going into the church. As far as respectability is——"

"What is respectability without money?" asked Jasper, cynically. "He might as well be without it. What is the use of being a gentleman and in the church, and in a good position, upon a hundred a year; which is, I suppose, all that he will have for some time to come? In fact, how is he to maintain his position upon it if he marries? In fact, marriage is out of the question."

"Utterly," responded the rector.

"You agree with me, then, that this is a very ridiculous affair?" said Jasper, eagerly.

"I've not taken it into consideration. Di's a wilful, headstrong girl, you know, and will have her own way, and I should not have been surprised even if I had heard of her taking a fancy to poor little Neri. I must own my surprise was rather the other way, that a quiet, studious, scholarly man like Carteret should have fallen a victim so soon!"

"Di's clever enough," answered Jasper; "and perhaps, as he's poor, he may have thought she would have money."

"Carteret's not that sort of man. I don't suppose it ever entered into his head."

"Still, it might," returned Jasper, thoughtfully; "and it would be as well that he should know that Di has no expectations—from us," he added, after a pause. The ending of the sentence would have appeared to a less obtuse person than the rector a note to the rest of the speech—almost a sort of provisional clause.

But the rector had too little interest in the matter to be alive to any under current of thought on Jasper's part.

"No; of course it couldn't be expected. You have done a good deal for her, and if you can get her well married your duty is ended. I half thought from something Anne said to me once that she intended to make a provision for Di. She took a strange fancy to the child."

Jasper started.

"Anne!" he repeated. "What did Anne say?"

"Really, I forget now. I only know the impression left upon my mind was that she had an idea of doing something for Di. But I suppose it was a passing thought and never came into her mind again."

"There was no mention of Di in my sister's will," replied Jasper. "None at all," he added; perhaps more emphatically than the occasion required.

They were now close to John Amos' cottage; only one narrow, shady lane to go thr ugh.

"Quite a relief to get into the shade," said the rector, pausing to recover his breath before he entered the little garden. "Good bye, and thanks."

His hand was upon the latch and he was about to raise it, when suddenly the cottage door opened and Diana Ellis issued forth with her finger on her lips.

"Hush!" she said. "He is dying: he is almost gone. It is better that he should be undisturbed."

"Di!" exclaimed Jasper, in amazement. "How in the world did you get here?"

She did not answer, but stood so that the rector could not open the gate without pushing against her.

"Will you move a little that I may come in, Di?"

"There is no necessity for you to come in," she said, quietly. "The doctor says he will never know any one again. He is asleep. Besides, Mr. Carteret is there."

Jasper's face flushed darkly.

"I am the rector, Di," said Dr. Crawford, pompously. "He may awake, notwithstanding what the doctor says, and it is desirable that one of my flock should have the comfort of his pastor's presence in the hour of death."

Diana's face, in spite of the solemnity that had come into it, began to assume a little of the impatience and contempt too often visible in it; but Dr. Crawford was busy with the latch and did not perceive it. However, she moved aside, but made one more effort to prevent Dr. Crawford's entrance.

"It will only disturb them and they are all quiet now."

"Nonsense. Why did they send for me? I am the proper person to be there."

Dr. Crawford was not to be deterred. He had walked across the hot fields in a very exemplary manner to do his duty, and he was going to do it. Perhaps he was acting up to his light, though the light was but flickering. Was it for her to judge?

Possibly some such thought flitted through Diana's mind as he passed by her and entered the house of death.

The dark valley!

"It's easier than I thought," she said, half to herself. She had forgotten all about Jasper and their late interview. Then she began to recollect it, for though not two hours since they had parted, an age seemed to Diana to have rolled between.

Her brief sleep and her regaining of paradise had been followed by the arrival of Phil Amos, who, on his way to the rectory, had called to tell Miss Diana how bad his father was. And Diana had immediately started off to the cottage through the upper wood.

There she had found John Carteret, who had made acquaintance with the sick man through his son Phil. And this was not the first visit he had paid him.

"What in the world brought you here, Di?" asked Jasper again.

"Phil came to tell me."

"Are you going home?"

"Yes."

For John Carteret had sent her away. He would stay until the end.

She walked quietly on beside Jasper, not speaking a word. The scene she had left was still before her: the scarcely breathing form, the face, with the strange unearthly look upon it, laid upon the pillow, white and ghastly. It was the first approach to death she had ever seen. An easy death it promised to be, for he would probably thus sleep away into eternity. It was not so hard to die as she had supposed; but then John Amos was poor and work worn and had lived out his early days of pleasantness. It would be harder for her; she should not wish to die for many years to come. The world was only opening in all its freshness and beauty for her: it was growing faded and sorrowful to John Amos.

The shadow was falling that had fallen many times to those who dwell in the paradise time. Still she was learning a lesson, gaining a step in knowledge. Unconsciously, the wild impulsive nature within her was being steadied, sobered down; and out of it a better character might come forth than from the easy going, impassive natures that walk the world with the reputation of amiability; the hardest characters in the world to deal with, the least noble, the least interesting and oftentimes the least unselfish.

Jasper had also fallen into a reverie. He too was thinking of a death that had been as calm and peaceful as that of John Amos; of a pale face laid quietly back upon a pillow, and of eyes that had looked lovingly into his unto the last.

"And you must remember what I said about Di, Jasper. If you could only love Di, Jasper, I think you would be very happy. It's been a long fancy of mine and it does not leave me now I am dying."

If it could only have remained at that point; for Jasper had believed himself to be in a state of indifference towards Diana; that he had but regarded her as a spoiled favorite, whose every whim was to be gratified, partly even out of amusement to himself.

How was it that, when a barrier was placed between them, all at once he was awakened to a new phase of feeling? How was it that all at once should have sprung up this wild love for the girl beside him?

Not all at once, although he knew it not. And now she was lost to him forever! Lost! not lost yet. There might be still hope. This engagement might never—should never—come to anything!

"Di."

There was something unusual in the voice, something softened and tender about it that struck Diana, and blended harmoniously with her present tone of mind.

"Di," said Jasper, "I was very impatient a few hours since; but I was thinking of your welfare. I spoke too hastily."

"Oh, no, Jasper; I was very passionate and wrong," replied Diana, quite overcome by the unexpected apology—so unlike Jasper—that she immediately took more than her own share of blame. "I was very sorry afterwards. I know I am very ungrateful! You have been very, very kind to me."

And the remembrance of all Jasper's injudicious indulgences, greatly magnified, rose before her.

"I must see this Mr. Carteret," said Jasper, "and hear what his prospects are; and perhaps I may even come to think as well of him as some one else does. Then possibly I may be forgiven."

"Forgiven! oh, Jasper, how good you are!" said Diana, energetically sinking every moment lower in her own estimation. "There's nothing to forgive." And she seized Jasper's hand in both of hers; "You must forgive me."

"Nonsense, Di," replied Jasper, looking straight before him, for he could not trust himself to look into the eyes that he knew were upraised to his.

"But do you quite forgive and forget?" urged Diana, without loosing his hand—"quite?"

"Quite, Di," he answered, and still without looking at her. He bent down and kissed her, as he had done ever since she was a child.

She laughed softly.

"It is all right now," she murmured. "John will be so glad!"

Jasper Seaton's brow contracted sharply; but Diana was looking upon the ground, and her thoughts were far away again in Paradise.

And so they walked homeward—she in Paradise, he in Purgatorio.

CLUB EXERCISES IN INDIA.

For Description see Page 380.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HEAD OF THE PYECROFTS.

The Pyecrofts had once been Pyecrofts of Pyecroft, but were so no longer. The estate had passed into other hands some generations since, and the modern Pyecrofts had now only the glory of their more remote ancestors to live upon.

The head of the present family, although there were several brothers living, might be said to be Miss Pyecroft, who, with her two sisters, lived in a low stone house with a trim garden before it, at the farther end of the village. Perhaps it might be nearer the truth to say that there Miss Pyecroft reigned. She sat in her private parlor, enthroned on her high-backed chair, and when her fingers were weary or her mind wanted relaxation, her eyes turned to one never-failing source of refreshment—the Pyecroft pedigree—which, enshrined in a black frame with an inner rim of gilding, hung over the tall mantlepiece; and, gazing thereon, the Pyecroft would gain fresh strength, and the cares and perplexities of the present fade away. None was a slender wand, wherewith Miss Pyecroft pointed out to select visitors her several progenitors, even as a schoolboy is wont to point out cities of towns upon a map.

The pedigree was, in fact, Miss Pyecroft's compendium of geography and history. The various monarchs of England were marked in her mind by the particular Pyecroft who flourished in their reigns, and the different counties by the families who had intermarried from them with the Pyecrofts.

"The Pyecrofts did *not* come over with the Conqueror," was Miss Pyecroft's preliminary remark; "they were in England already; and it there had been more of them the invasion might have been prevented. Thoroughly English as the Pyecrofts of the present day—ah, I see your eye has caught the name of Guglielmus de Pyecroft," would she say to the unwary visitor. "Guglielmus de Pyecroft accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to the Crusades. He escaped the dangers of land and sea with much difficulty, and returned to die in the arms of his brother Henricus, who succeeded to the family estates. He is buried in Little Gomerton churchyard, where his tomb may be seen, mutilated by the touch of time and the hand of the miscreant. His time-worn effigy is deprived of the nose, the right foot and three fingers of the left hand."

It was Miss Pyecroft's epitome of the Crusades, and she felt that it embraced all that should be known upon the subject; that somehow, by virtue of Pyecroft succession, such an intuition of the Crusades was transmitted to her as was not vouchsafed to the Browns and Smiths who had mastered the subject by diligent study of history, but had not had an ancestor serving in the army of the lion-hearted king.

"Gaulterus de Pyecroft, judge, in the golden reign of good Queen Bess, is supposed to have been a patron of Coke, who was afterwards famous. In this reign, the family dropped the 'de' in their name. Reginald Pyecroft, *tempus* Charles the Martyr," continued Miss Pyecroft, who was a stout anti-republican; "Anna Sophia Elizabeth, a beauty at the court of the Merry Monarch; Francis Pyecroft, who by some means found himself at the battle of Dettingen, which gave his family a lift with the House of Hanover; Nicholas——"

But here Miss Pyecroft's historical reminiscences grew hazy. The Pyecrofts having reached their culminating point, began to retrograde. Their lands went, their sons became degenerate actors. The tree evidently had outgrown its strength, and the later shoots were not remarkable for the vigor which had traditionally belonged to the earlier branches.

Nevertheless, Miss Pyecroft had, with unexampled diligence, rescued the intervening Pyecrofts from oblivion; and, surmounting the difficulties by the comparative haziness of her grandfather and great-grandfather, had gallantly tacked them up to the main line, and had burst triumphantly through the cloud that had overhung the later fortunes of the Pyecroft family, concluding the whole with the testimony:—"Drawn out, revised, and certified by me, REBECCA PYECROFT." From which certificate, in the Pyecroft mind, there could be no appeal.

Miss Pyecroft's education had not been attended with advantages in youth; but she was a shrewd, managing woman, with a good head for business, and an unlimited confidence in herself, which, perhaps, supplied the place of higher qualities, and caused her entirely to ignore deficiencies.

It is a great matter to be content with oneself—and Miss Pyecroft was perfectly so with herself and surroundings. It had even been hinted that she had refused several advantageous offers of marriage, through being unable to make up her mind to forfeit the family name. This, however, the incredulous of Broadmead were inclined to consider as mythical, and to have no deeper foundation than a mere *on dit*, whose source no one could satisfactorily trace. Be this as it may, Miss Pyecroft was Miss Pyecroft still, and gloried in the fact.

Nothing unconnected with the Pyecrofts had charms for the maiden head of the family, stout-hearted Englishwoman as she was. The battle of Waterloo, indeed, was shorn of some of its lustre—in her eyes—since, after the strictest research, she had not been able to discover that a single member of the family had served under "The Duke." What the Pyecrofts were doing she could not imagine.

"I was but a girl of thirteen in those days," she was wont to say; "and girls were more kept under then than they are now, or there is no telling——"

And Miss Pyecroft nodded her head, and left the sentence incomplete. Doubtless, in her own mind, she felt that, if a Pyecroft had been there, the tide would have been turned before the Prussians came up.

Very different from their sister was Miss Letitia and Miss Sophia. Letty and Sophy they called each other, but abbreviations were utterly repudiated by Miss Pyecroft. Miss Pyecroft was the eldest of the family, and several brothers and sisters came between herself and Letty and Sophia, upon whom she consequently looked as girls; whilst they, on their part, regarded her with a reverence that had had its share in raising her to the pinnacle of self-esteem on which she was placed.

Miss Letitia was short, stout and dark. Miss Sophia was tall, light and thin. They dressed alike, even to the pattern of their collars, just as they had done in their school days; and, through long habit, this practice had become a duty, the slightest infringement upon which was absolutely painful. They were by no means equal to their sister in ability, and were perhaps more to each other on that account. They were inseparable and leaned gently upon one another. They were as unsophisticated as they had been in their earliest years, fond of gossip, and never weary of discussing the last engagement; and Diana's—which had become bruited abroad—was the present topic of unflagging interest. They had discussed it together in the privacy of their bed-rooms; they had discussed it in their rambles, in which they had more than once met John Carteret and Diana strolling along. But they had never yet ventured to mention it to Rebecca; for it was a point of etiquette in the Pyecroft establishment, that no topic was ever suggested by the younger members. And Miss Pyecroft never recognized any fact that had not come under her own immediate notice.

In the present case, no one of authority upon the subject had mentioned the engagement to her, neither had she happened to meet with Diana and John Carteret as she made her stately rounds of visits in the village; and out of the village Miss Pyecroft rarely strayed. Therefore, Letty and Sophia were somewhat startled at the announcement that Miss Pyecroft made, as they sat together in the drawing-room after dinner.

"I must take some move in order to bring this affair under my jurisdiction. As the young man is going to be our curate, it is right that I should signify my approval or disapprobation of the step of which, from many-tongued rumor, one hears vague hints."

"There can't be the least doubt about it," responded Letty, with alacrity, rejoiced to have an opportunity of hearing what Rebecca might have to say. "It's all settled; and Sophy and I have met them out, walking, over and over again."

Miss Pyecroft looked steadily over her spectacles at Miss Letitia.

"That is no proof," she said. "It might have been in the days when I was young; but in these days of uncircumspection, nothing can be argued from appearances. And Diana has always been so uncontrolled, and has done such odd things, that the fact you mention is unconfirmatory. Would that I could have obtained a hold of her, and have exercised such an influence over her as was needed. But she was too rebellious. The effort was attended with too much indecorum.

And Miss Pyecroft drew herself up as she remembered several undignified situations into which her well-meant, but ill-timed, interference with Diana's prerogatives had betrayed her.

"Still," she continued, "I bear no enmity to the girl, and shall be glad of anything that may make her feel herself to be a responsible being."

"Mrs. Crawford says they're engaged," interposed Miss Sophia, who had been anxiously awaiting her opportunity.

"Why could you not say so before, Sophia?" inquired Miss Pyecroft, a little sharply.

"I thought you never liked to have engagements spoken of until they had been officially communicated to you," replied Miss Sophia, in self-defense.

"Neither do I," returned Miss Pyecroft. "You were quite right, Sophia; and I withdraw my remark, which was unreasonable. I am never above acknowledging myself to be in the wrong, when the fact is proved against me. You were quite justified by antecedental parallels in the course you pursued. But as Mrs. Crawford's name has slipped out in connection with this matter, it may be well to know when and where she informed you of this engagement."

"Last Sunday, after service, when you were complaining to Dr. Crawford of the undue length of Signor Neri's voluntaries. I told Letty as soon as ever we got home and were taking off our bonnets, and we wondered whether we ought to tell you about it or not. But we decided that you would prefer hearing it from some one else."

"Unquestionably," returned Miss Pyecroft. "Mrs. Seaton is the proper person to have announced it. It was due to me, as Miss Pyecroft, to have had it formally made known, and I regard it as a great omission on Mrs. Seaton's part; but she is strangely wanting in all the social amenities attendant upon society."

"They must have been engaged for at least three weeks," chimed in Miss Letty.

"I wonder what Mr. Jasper thinks of it," said Miss Sophy.

"I used to think that in time the guardian would marry his ward," answered Miss Letty.

"Two such tempers never could have got on together," responded Miss Sophy. "He's looked blacker than ever since his return from France."

"Perhaps it's the mourning that doesn't suit him," suggested Miss Letty.

"Perhaps it's jealousy," said Miss Sophy.

"La!" exclaimed Miss Letty. "I should never have thought of such a thing."

Miss Pyecroft waved her hand.

"Girls," said she, "forbear. This is but scandal—mere idle gossip. I cannot permit it."

Miss Sophia and Miss Letitia, who had been carried beyond their usual reticence in the presence of their elder sister, were silent; and Miss Pyecroft again spoke.

"Appearances being so decidedly in favor of the assumption that the engagement, which is becoming a matter of comment among all classes at Broadmead, is more than a mere report, I feel that it is incumbent upon me to sift it thoroughly, in order that I may recognize the fact. Mr. Carteret will doubtless be surprised that I have not already made it the subject of a congratulatory epistle. He is an amiable young man, and I should not wish to pain him. I shall take chocolate at Signor Neri's to-morrow. The Signora always knows all that is going on at the Manor House; and when we get upon Diana, her tongue is at once unloosed."

"Chocolate at Signor Neri's!" ejaculated Miss Letitia, in amazement.

"Chocolate at Signor Neri's," repeated Miss Pyecroft, firmly. "The end justifies the means, and one must occasionally unbend. There is some proverb about a bow, which I do not exactly remember; but I know it would be applicable in the present case. I have often held out the hope to the Signora that I would one day partake of a cup of her favorite beverage. That time has now come."

"It will be all over Broadmead," exclaimed Miss Sophia.

"And it is," responded Miss Pyecroft, drawing herself up, "I hope a Pyecroft is sufficient to wither the Broadmead gossip. Sophia and Letitia, there is one thing I have endeavored, by precept and example, to impress upon you, though it would seem in vain. Condescension entails no loss of dignity. I do not say that you could take chocolate at Signor Neri's. I am aware that you could not. Loss of position, to a certain extent, would be the consequence. With me, the case is different."

Everything was always different with Miss Pyecroft; and Miss Sophia and her sister had been accustomed to hearing it from childhood. Rebecca was like no other woman. Rebecca was one among a thousand. They had, in their foolishness, been more successful than the wise king in his wisdom, for they had found a woman whom they regarded as infallible. It was the great heterodoxy of their lives, though it would have been impossible to convince them of it. Rebecca was their pillar of faith. She had towered above them in childhood, in youth, in middle age; and they were following her as implicitly as ever now.

"*La France, c'est moi*," was not more comprehensive than Miss Pyecroft's estimate of herself and her position in the world as a Pyecroft. It carried her through much. It was a panacea for all the shortcomings in the fallen fortunes of the Pyecrofts. She lived in an atmosphere of self-created importance and it satisfied her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"DEADMAN'S POINT;
OR,
THE LIGHTHOUSE OF CARN RUTH."

A new play, with above title, from the pen of F. C. Burnand, was produced at the Adelphi Theatre, London, Eng., on Feb. 4th. The London *Sunday Times* of the issue of Feb. 12th, comments upon it as follows:—

Such traces of confusion are visible in the structure of the story and arrangement of the incidents, that it is hardly fair to treat the whole as a completed work. Mr. Burnand has put it forth, however, and has accepted the risk of the misadventure he has encountered. That "Deadman's Point" is not entirely a failure is attributable to two causes—first, the remarkable scenery with which it is provided, and, next, the fact that it is represented by actors who are favorites with the public. Harry Jackson and his construction on a par, and his characterization is as commonplace as either. With all its faults, however, the piece goes near being the best of Mr. Burnand's compositions. It has an underlying idea, which is neither weak nor commonplace, and which, had reasonable use been made of it, would have raised the drama to a good position among works of its class. Unfortunately, this idea is suggested by the piece, rather than embodied in it, and the action treads cautiously around the confines of interest without ever stepping within the charmed circle. With similar want of art the weakest characters are those which are most carefully elaborated, while the personages who present most aspect of novelty are barely indicated, and in one case not shown at all. Some explanation of these incongruities may be offered: their effect is to reduce a drama of promise to a position in which it is wholly dependent upon acting and scenic accessories. There is a certain reference in the play to historic scenes, but the advantage of the general reader will best be consulted by treating the whole as imaginary. In a lighthouse on a dangerous point of the coast of Cornwall, Janet Trefiel has grown in grace and beauty, until at her entry into womanhood she is the belle of the county. Her only associates in her tower have been her father, a miserly old man, who has grown rich by transactions into the nature of which it would not be delicate to inquire too closely, and Ralph, a half-witted ragabond, with just sense enough to play Judas. Janet has, as might be expected, many sweethearts, but three of them only are concerned with the action of the story.

Martin Gurder, a village lad, has been driven by her coldness to exiles, and Steve Harper, a disreputable fellow, combining the occupation of boat building with the more profitable profession of smuggling, has from the same cause been roused to purposes of vengeance. Very different has been the treatment of Sir Philip Courtenay, a young baronet, whose yacht has of late shown an unaccountable preference for the troubled waters near the lighthouse over the smoother seas adjacent. Sir Philip cannot well marry without his mother's consent, since her disproval of the union involves a forfeiture of his entire estates. Lady Courtenay has, moreover, found a suitable mistress for the Courtenay estates in Helen Purston, a wealthy heiress and a niece of her own. Small attention is paid by Sir Philip to his proposed bride. Moth-like he flutters round the charms of Janet, and at length he sinces his wings. His boat is wrecked in the bay, and Janet, attended by a faithful friend, Mary Polden, starts to his rescue. At the risk of her own life she succeeds in saving that of her lover. Sir Philip is, of course, unable to render such proofs of devotion, and a secret marriage between the pair is hastily contracted. But the meetings of the lovers have not been unespied. Steve Harper, whose thoughts seem incapable of resting above murder, larceny and rape, is perpetually seizing hold of Janet, and being interrupted at the moment when he is about to commit some act of violence. He witnesses Sir Philip's meetings with Janet and is roused to one of his usual terrible but abortive efforts. Martin Gurder is, in fact, a not much more dangerous rival to Sir Philip than Steve, though the failure of his schemes is due to soft-heartedness rather than ill chance. He always plans to make love vicariously, her father first and then her lover being the persons against whom he harbors his schemes of vengeance.

He stand matters when Philip, who is an ensign in a marching regiment—he should have expected a baronet to have been a cornet in a cavalry regiment, but perhaps Sir Philip was in the Guards—receives orders to start for the Crimea. With him, brooding over purposes of vengeance, goes Martin Gurder. Time passes and the battle of Inkerman is fought. A tableau of the field after the fight shows Philip wounded to death apparently, and Martin, with less severe injuries, lying near him. Recognizing his rival, Martin determines to kill him, and raises a sword which, as he is an infantry soldier, some one has apparently left near him for the purpose. But he has not heart to commit a murder. Soon after a skulking Russian appears plundering the dead, and hovers with a long knife in his hand over the form of Sir Philip. Here is a chance for Martin to get rid of his enemy without guilt. He manages, however, see the man murdered. He draws, accordingly, a pistol, and shoots the assassin. Lady Courtenay, dressed as a sister of charity, now appears upon the scene and recognizes her husband, and Mary Polden, similarly attired, finds in Martin Gurder a man for whom she has long cherished a secret but ardent affection. When aid arrives and the wounded men are borne off, the act ends. In the following act Janet appears, and, in a moving and well arranged scene, obtains the forgiveness of the downcast Lady Courtenay, for Philip. In this attempt she is aided by Helen Purston, who has consoled herself for Philip's desertion and is indulging in most significant flirtations with the Hon. Lionel Beecher.

All being reconciled and matters being satisfactory, Lady Courtenay determines, ere joining her husband, who lies wounded at Scutari, to spend a night in the lighthouse. She does not go quite alone, for she takes with her Mary Polden. An opportunity is now offered to Steve Harper for one of those combinations of villainy of various kinds which hold out an irresistible inducement to him. Aided by Ralph, he goes, accordingly, to the lighthouse, gags Lady Courtenay, binds her fast in a chair, and lays down to smoke the pipe of peace previous to returning and having his will with Janet. On his return he finds that Janet, who has been released by Mary, has escaped from the lighthouse. He follows her and an exciting chase over the rocks commences, when its progress is arrested by the arrival of Sir Philip, who, lodging a bullet in the brains of Steve Harper, puts an end to that gentleman's eccentricities. All then terminates satisfactorily. How clumsy is all this need hardly be stated. Nothing much more pitiful in conception can be imagined than taking Lady Courtenay to the lighthouse for no other purpose than to be robbed. Other devices, not much more ingenious, are common, and the whole is void of freshness and point. How different a result might have been achieved had the lighthouse scenes and characters been made the most of and had adequate motives been supplied is easily apparent. The effects were remarkably ingenious and full of novelty. The piece, accordingly, in spite of the failure of the wreck scene, is likely to be remarkable among sensation dramas, and is sure to obtain a considerable amount of popularity.

A PAPER advertises for girls for cooking. A contemporary replies:—"You would like them raw, when you get accustomed to them."

UPS AND DOWNS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

As along life's road we travel
Let us all contented be,
Tho' we stumble o'er the gravel
Let us from dull care keep free;
Ne'er indulge in foolish sorrow,
Ne'er give way to grim despair—
Hope that Fortune's face to-morrow
May be looking bright and fair.

Though you fail in the endeavor
To ascend the hill of Fame,
Don't be sad, for sadness never
Help'd a man to gain a name;
If you will but keep on trying
Of good luck you'll have your share—
Cease all sorrowing and sighing—
"Faint heart ne'er won ladye fayre."

Chicago, Ill. JOHN H. CRESS

"OUD ON DER FLY."—NO. 28.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Sharley, my son, to day ve'm goin to dook a run down to der oit blace to saw der f lkses und shook hands mit dem vonce more. Ve'm goin back to Baradise vere der gristians leef, und no doupts dey vill be glat to saw us. Ve voon'd had a gread deal of dime to vasde, cause ve must came back agin; ve vill just shkib in und out like a feller mit a bain in he's shdummick. Ve voodn'd shday doo long enuff in von blace, cause ve voodn'd had dime. Ve'fe god along bully ub here, Sharley; efery von likes us, und no madder vere ve vent dey all make room for us und gife us a show. Of dere's goin to been a shnow ride or anyding, ve'm alvays der fired to be invided. Yes, sir, ve'm fired in efergding. If dere's goin to been a beany, id ad der deeadre ub here, ve'm monged der fired to gid shduck mit a hole lod of dickets. I dell you, Sharley, dere aind anyding in der vorld like bein fired. Look oud for Number Von—dot's vat vat's-he's-name said, und efery von's been doin id efer since. He vas a shmard man, vas him und vat-you-call-em must hafe been vell agwainted.

Sharley, here is von of der finest leedle gendlemen dot I efer vas in company mit. He is a dib dob feller, und many a young man ogrubying der bosishion dot he does, vood be as shuck full of airs as a beacock. Bud dis young gendleman is a feller of sense, und he dreats efery von, no madder who dey are, or vere he meeds dem, mit de nicest kind of dreatmend. Dis is Richard Tweed, Esq., or as his friends loaf to call him, "Young Dick." Adoogh he is a very young man he is already vell known, und, like his farder und his broder, he can cound his friends all ofer, und varm friends doo, dose dot vood shdick by him drough dick und din, no madder vat vas der circumsdances. Misder Tweed is in pisness in New York city, und don'd mix ub in bolidics. He is a regular pisness man, und addends to id und shduck's to id like a drump. Ven der lapers of der day dem's ofer, den he dooks his comford. He dresses neadly, mitoud any grand show, und has all der dime a nice glean look, jusd as of he did jusd ony shdeb oud of a band box. Ven you meed him any blace he always has a shmile, as of he was glad to saw you, und ven he dooks you by der haand he shooks you as of he meaned id. He is a fine young feller, Sharley, und I know id.

You odden heard me shbeak bout Jo Murphy, der Fran Sancisco feller, didn'd you? Vell, dis is him, dis feller on der oder side of der shdreet mid dot gold headed cane in his hand. Jo is blaying around to der Acedemy of Moosic mit Frank Lawler in his biece called "Help." He is a grand faforide here, und der Academy is full mit beepies efery nighd in der veek looking ad him. He blays a Irish characder so good as any von I efer sawed on my life, und he buds me in mind of Billy O'Neil, boor feller, vat's died und gone. Jo is a good actor und is a immense berformer. He comed from California, und I bed'is goin back dere agin jusd so soon dot he gids drough mit his bresent engagements. I dink he ought to blay noding else as Irish, aldough he blays anyding vell, yed in Irish he is immense, und I dink dot he kin discound any vons in der pisness. Him und me vas valking all ofer der eidy der oder day, dalking Dutch togedder, und telling leedle shmall jokes. Look, he's shaking his cane in' at me—he's dinking bout dot now. I dink he vill made a hit in New York of he has any kind of goot luck. He is a goot feller, und is obliged to get along; he has vorked hard und desserds any qwandity of abbreshiashion.

Dot feller mit him is Jack Huntley, von of der door-keebers ub in der assembly shamber. Jack use to be a minstrel feller von dime, und I kin remember ven he cood shling his hoof mit der best of dem. He don'd look like id now, does he? He's doo fat to dance, und don't vonder hard vork for him to gid ub on der dop of a high hill to der cabidol efery morning und somedimes efery efening. He keebs a hodle in Cadskill, down on der Hudson river, und is boody vell liked. He is vell dought of ub here, doo, und der mempers all shbeak of him in der highest derms. Jack dooks dings mighdy easy now; he don'd dwist himself round on his does any more, und hardly on his heels. He bleeds in docking all der comford he kin, und he shows by dot how iefel he vas in der head. Efery von knows him, from Maine to California, und I nefer heerd any von say any ding against him. He has got a nice biace down der river, und he is inwided me to came ub some dime nexd summer und shbend dwo or dree couble or fife days mit him, und vent drout dshing. Of I'm so vell und heardy as efer I vas on my life, I dink I'll hafe to dook von hack ad id anyhow. I'm a bully fisherman—of dey bide righd avay und gid kedched kwick.

Dis fall, proad shouldered gentleman mit der black musdash is von of der mempers of der Legislature—von of der law manufacturers und rebairers. Dis is der Hon. Dick Flanagan, from der 16d Vard, und of you don'd dink he's got any friends jusd go ofer in his vard und say something against him. Dick is vell boated, und is a boody shark shmard feller. He don'd vant to be had on der head mit a glub to made him understadood anyding, und ven he gifes you his vord you kin go und shvear dot anyding he has said he vill shduck to. He is a bully goot feller, und to-day he oughd to be avay ub higher as he is. He has always been a good favoride mit der boys ofer on der 8d Afenue, und dot way bowhoot und I guess dot he's got jusd so many of der beepies ofer on dot side as any of dem. Any von dot knows him is his friend, und of efery von of der rounders vas like him you vould nefer hear of any von goin' back on any 'un else. Dick is full of fun, und him und me ve gid dalking ad der brokefast dapie in der morning und ve gid der vaiders round der biace laffing. Dick dells a goot shdory und I don'd know any von dot kin liaden any bedder neider. He is vell boarded, und knows his "bis" as a Assemblyman.

Dis feller mit him is always mit him ven dey are ub here. Dis is a old dimer, Sharley; dis feller has been on der shurt a goot vile, und he's 'fruit' yed. Dis is Alderman Jim Irving, from der 16d vard, member of Assembly for dot disdrict. Misder Irving is von of der agwarced old var horses in der biace, und, like Dick Flanagan, ven he says anyding he means id. I don'd know how old he is, but he vas a man growd ub und a shdunner ven I vas a leedle shild. I remember him und Bess Harrington und Tom Hyer und Chris Veale und a hole lod more dot use to be round "King Pin Hall," in 2d afenue, a long dime ago. Yes, sir, Jim vas a peddler, und he's peen von efer since. He's a mighdy goot feller, Sharley, und of he is your friend he is for you—of he ain'd, he is against you, und dere ain'd no half way vork bound id. He likes a joke fired rade, und ven anyding bleases him he vill sid you in der ribs of you are near enuff to him, und of he does you'll dink dot a horse had just kicked you. Him und Dick Flanagan sit nexd to

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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To Wholesale Dealers	6¼ "	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	10 "	" for 3 months	1 25

To Clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 3,580 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, Advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

J. T. J., East Saginaw.—1. No horse either in England or elsewhere ever ran a mile in a minute. The idea arose from the circumstance of its having been stated in regard to the great speed of Flying Childers that sometimes, when moving at his greatest speed, he appeared to go for a short distance at the rate of a mile in a minute. Out of this supposition the idea arose that he actually ran a mile a minute. 2. There is no official time taken in racing in England.

P. D., Cleveland, O.—"At auction pitch, A has one to go, B one and C one. B gives A two, which puts him (A) out. B makes high, game, and C makes low. Which lost?"..... C lost. B made the two points he gave, consequently was not set back; therefore, having but one to go, his high put him out before C's low. The question of set back is, or ought to be, determined before the points are taken, when they are scored in their order, as in regular pitch.

TOM LONG, Waterville, Kansas.—Upon the installation of Mayor Tieman, the late Captain John Jourdan accepted a position that was offered him, and shortly afterward became a detective under Captain Joseph Dowling, of the Sixth Precinct, afterward being appointed to fill the vacancy created by the election of the latter to the position of Police Justice.

SUBSCRIBER, Holyoke, Mass.—"At auction pitch, A, the dealer, has three points to go, B two and C one. B gives A three points, which puts A out. B makes high, Jack, game, and C makes low. Which wins?"..... C wins, as, although B made three points, and, therefore, was not set back, yet C's low counted before B's Jack, game. See answer to P. D.

PET O' DAY BOY.—The Dunstan-on-Tyne, in which the Tyne crew rowed their race with the Paris crew at Lachine, was 42 feet long, 17¾ inches wide amidships, and weighed 90 lbs. The six miles were accomplished in 40 38¼ by the Tynesiders, and in 41 30 by the St. John tour. This is all the information we can give you upon the subject.

A. R., Montgomery, Ala.—At cribbage, cards played in the following order, 6, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, do form a sequence of six; in fact, there is no way of playing them, without the introduction of other cards, that they do not make a sequence. Furthermore, another six may be played after the four, making another sequence of six; or a seven, making a sequence of seven.

PHILADELPHIA CLUB.—"This case has occurred and your decision is requested:—In playing euchre A turns up a diamond; B passes, C passes and D orders it up; then B says:—'I go it alone.' Which is a violation of rule; what is the penalty?"..... There is no penalty for *saying* he would go it alone; the only thing to do is to prevent him from going alone.

J. McG., Murphysboro.—By the new rules of trotting, the whole of the money must be staked the day before the event, (omitting Sunday) is to come off, and the race then becomes play or pay. By the old rules, a driver could pay forfeit, notwithstanding all the money was up any time before the judges gave the word for starting.

BASE BALL CORRESPONDENT.—If the pitcher does not pitch a low ball—that is one between knee and waist—when such a ball is called for by the striker, the umpire must call balls on him. The range of fair ball is between knee and shoulder and over the home base, but the batsman can call for a low or high ball.

A. B. C., Chicago.—Should the professional meeting resolve itself into a committee, they would have the right of taking up the code of rules adopted at the November Convention and amending it to suit themselves; such amended rules, however, would only affect the professional clubs represented at the convention.

PHILANDER, Honesdale.—1. Prelsey we can't say. But about eleven on the first floor, and twenty-two in all. 2. The largest billiard establishment is A. R. Samuels', Brooklyn, with thirty-five tables. The largest in a single room is Kleaman & Co.'s, Chicago, which has twenty-eight tables on one floor.

CHARLEY CLIFFORD.—This person, who has sent us a number of poetic sketches, is a literary thief, he having stolen from Byron and other poets and authoress and to own. Newspaper and magazine editors should be on their guard against this pilferer Clifford.

G. M.—The time made by Jesse Wales and Darkness against Honest Allen and Black Harry, and Kirkwood and Idol, Bed Max, at Prospect Park, L. I., was 1:29; 2:33; 2:36; 2:33. Idol and Kirkwood won the first, second and fourth heats; Jesse Wales and Darkness the third heat.

CAPT. E. FARR, Washington.—1. "Notorious" is generally used when referring to a man publicly known to disadvantage, but Shakespeare makes use of it in the good sense. 2. The sentence is not correct, for no sane person could enjoy bad health.

OYSTERS.—The first club throw off for the possession of the first, second and third prizes, the fourth going to the party who threw the least number outside of them, as it was clearly stated that that prize was for the worst throw.

QUIGLEY, Baltimore.—No dog has to scratch to a dead dog, unless it is agreed upon in signing articles. In this State dog fighters never scratch to a dead dog; when the dog is pronounced dead the living dog wins the fight.

DICK, St. Louis.—1. The dealer must give to all alike; he cannot give three cards to one player and two to himself. 2. You can give two first and three afterwards, or *vice versa*, but all must be served alike.

G. R. H., Toronto.—If your statement, that you bet Mr. Collins No. 20 would not win, is correct, you are fairly entitled to the money. If there is any misunderstanding as to the conditions of the bet, we cannot undertake to decide between you.

SANDERS, Concord.—A cannot claim the fight under the circumstances. The rules say that whenever a cock is fast in his adversary, in the carpet, or in himself, his handler shall be permitted to extricate him.

H. P., Cleveland, O.—You had no right to expect your manager to pay your fare back to New York at the expiration of your engagement, unless it was stipulated in your engagement at the time of making it.

A. J. E., Cleveland, O.—The one ball, being "froze," made the shot foul regardless of the push. The rule calls for playing on some other ball, or the cushion, first, which not being done, made the shot foul, for which no count would accrue.

FRANK.—The three sixes and two aces—but three aces and two sixes. 2. In poker dice two throws are allowable, but the player has the privilege of being satisfied with one throw. 3. If both parties agree to a sequence in any combination it is considered legal.

J. S. F., Omaha.—1. The dealer is entitled to a sweep. 2. The player scoring the most points when the last hand is played, wins the game. No one point has precedence over another at this game.

CINCINNATUS.—Although the terms of the surrender plainly state that the Germans should not occupy the city, still Paris virtually surrendered when the forts were given up.

R. MORGAN, Picton.—If it is the census of St. Louis you refer to, let us know whether it was the one taken by the United States or city authorities.

SUNSHINE.—Mr. Plimpton, the patentee of roller skates, has the monopoly of them, and they cannot be purchased at retail in this city.

ROVER.—"Trump or follow suit" is the rule at forty-fives; consequently B was justified in trumping in to the queen of spades' lead and leading his Jack afterwards.

H. P. CORTRIGHT, Washington, D. C.—Where shall we send the deposit which accompanied your challenge to McLaughlin? We do not charge for its insertion.

A CLEAN SHAVEN SUBSCRIBER.—1. It was so reported, but he did not accomplish the feat by any means, nor is he capable of doing it. He was never champion of England. 2. Goulding.

A FREDERICK.—Two points are all that may be taken for "thirty-one" at cribbage, no matter whether last card may be involved or not.

G. O. A., Lockport.—A sequence of king, queen, Jack, etc., beats one of ace, deuce, trey, etc. The latter is the lowest straight that can be held.

NINE HOLE.—1. Pauline Markham is now engaged at Niblo's Garden, in this city. 2. Blackwood made the fastest three year old record at Louisville, Ky., trotting a mile in 2:31.

T. B. S., Petersburg, Va.—Their professional standing is good. We never answer questions concerning the private affairs of professional people.

BON RASTOR.—The price of tights would depend upon color, quality and size. See our advertising columns for where to get them.

ELLA.—Mlle. Patti commands the highest terms, and is more popular than she ever was in our mention. By many she is considered the better singer of the two.

A. L. F., Dayton, O.—Yes. Sullivan and Hyer fought in Feb., 1849, and the fight between Morrissey and Sullivan took place in October, 1853.

CORA.—Lou, Kidora, Ia.—Kingcraft never ran two miles and a half in any race. He won the Derby, one mile and a half, but was beaten in the St. Leger, a little over a mile and three-quarters.

CHARLES HOWARD, Springfield, Mass.—1. They use prepared chalk to produce the white and Chinese vermillion for the red. 2. A clown's salt may cost from $40 to $150.

W. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. To say William H. Thorne is an actor, but at present disengaged. 2. Questions relating to the private affairs of professionals we never answer.

ASPIRANT, Philadelphia, Pa.—You had better abandon the idea. There are many more in that distinct department of the profession at the present time than can find employment.

FRED. H.—B. is right. A, being the dealer cannot score Jack on the misdeal. No player can take advantage of his own wrong doing.

C. A. F., Boston.—That time has been beaten by a number of persons, but whether by a boy of that age we cannot say.

ROOT, St. Louis.—Cincinnati is accredited with having the most efficient fire department in the States.

A.—B. having passed his own hand, had no right to pick up F's hand and play it.

LACLEDE, Hanover, N. H.—See E. M. Grandin's advertisement in the CLIPPER some weeks ago.

ATLANTIC, Brooklyn.—The Secretaries' meeting will be held March 17th, at the Astor House, New York, we believe, at 11 A. M.

MRS. H. O. EVANSVILLE.—Both claim the title and there is no court to decide the legitimacy of the claim.

H. J. B., Howland, Cal.—We never give opinions on such matters other than those appearing in our paper.

HORN, Providence.—You will see the proper addresses in our advertising columns.

BOSKY, Beloit, Wis.—The highest card in cutting for deal in euchre is the Jack.

J. M. C., Detroit.—We shall not need another just now.

SALTY, Buffalo.—The dealer is not obliged to tell how many cards any player, except himself, has drawn.

R. A. M., Buffalo.—9 having made the largest score, after the deal was finished, won the game.

V. W. P.—Hatfield, 137 yards. See an account of it on one of our outside pages.

SIR TERY.—Your latest, post marked Feb. 20, reached us at noon of Feb. 27th.

B. S.—We never answer questions touching the private affairs of professionals.

P. D., Chicago.—The English Derby is for three year olds exclusively.

VERITAS.—John P. Moore's Sons, 204 Broadway, New York; E. Remington & Sons, Ilion, N. Y.

FREQUENT READER.—1. Do not know his measurement. 2. No record.

TRIANA.—The Paris crew, of St. John, N. B., defeated the Ward Brothers in a six mile race at Springfield, Mass., Oct. 21st, 18 8.

N. M. C., Baltimore.—We do not find your name in the list of those to whom the writer of the article said he was indebted.

SPARKS, Baltimore.—The cards named count twenty at cribbage, viz., eight for fifteens and twelve for double pair-royal.

R. W., Decatur.—You can purchase one for $30. Send to Ed. James, 68 Centre street, New York.

F. C. N., Hartford.—If having chipped and afterwards passed, cannot come in again and bet. D is entitled to the money.

J. C., Fort Wallace, Kansas.—The double corner and the number of men used are the same as in the regular game of draughts.

PROBLEM.—It would depend upon the biting qualities of the cats and the agility or laziness of the rats.

CATASAUQUA.—The Havana is considered good, but we cannot, from our own knowledge, recommend any of them for investment.

E. A. R., Terre Haute, Ind.—We shall be pleased to receive brief reports of performances.

A. W. K., Scranton, Pa.—See answer to E. A. R., Terre Haute, Ind.

COOPER HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.—Dan Bryant played Shaun the Post in "Arrah-na-Pogue," at Niblo's Garden, N. Y.

SHOO FLY.—You will see in our advertising columns the address of parties who deal in theatrical goods.

BOX, Philadelphia.—Patsy Marley and Con. Orem fought at Port Penn., Del., Oct. 27th, 1868.

AMERICUS.—Martin Van Buren was the first President of the United States born under the American flag.

E. C., Phil'a.—For the last one, $1 05, and $3 10 for a former one.

D. A. P., Phœnix, N. Y.—Can't insert your challenge unless you send on a deposit.

LOU

ested parties, or agree upon a referee in the usual way, asking for no crowd except two men to pick him up. Geoghegan thinks he cannot whip Coyne on his merits, he can get no credit for beating him in any other WAY. His $200 is still in our hands for any one to cover.

COL. T. H. MOSSCROP, the celebrated swordsman, and Bill Clark appeared in an assault-at-arms on the occasion of Mike Trainer's benefit at the Arbor. It was a very exciting affair, and the manner in which the pugilistic professor handled himself before so accomplished an expert as the Colonel surprised the spectators considerably. The latter is to give an exhibition, embracing fencing with foils and broadswords, the bayonet exercise, boxing, &c., at Clark's shortly, when he and Bill will appear in another fencing match.

We have letters for John C. Heenan, Jack Goulding and Tom McAlpine.

BILLIARDS.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF NEW ENGLAND.

HANDICAP TOURNAMENT AT HARTFORD—$850 IN PRIZES—FOSTER AND HEWINS AHEAD.

The long projected tournament for the championship of New England was successfully inaugurated at Allyn Hall, Hartford, on the night of the 22d ult., and has since progressed favorably under the efficient direction of Connecticut's well-known patron of sport, Matt. H. Hewins. There has been but one drawback, and that from an unexpected quarter. Among the original entries were Edward Daniels, R. L. Wilmarth and William A. Tobin, all ex-champions of Massachusetts. The latter unfortunately became too ill to attend, and New Bedford thus failed of representation. Hartford has not feasted its eyes critical of billiards upon either Daniels or Wilmarth. Much had been expected from Daniels, who, not content with entering in due form, had even telegraphed his adherence to the tourney and its fortunes. He alone would hope to play Melvin Foster upon even terms, and he was handicapped to give the other players precisely the same odds as was required of Foster. His non-attendance, no explanation of which has been vouchsafed, has therefore subtracted not a little from the interest of the tourney, if indeed it has not left to Foster a "week away." Daniels' place was filled by Mr. Bowers, of Pawtucket, R. I.

The noteworthiest feature of the tournament is the handicapping, something heretofore unknown in connection with American billiards, though common enough in England. The least odds given by Foster is 250 in 1,000 to Frank Dennison, the Massachusetts champion, while the greatest is 400 in 1,000, conceded to Messrs. Hewins and Bowen. The latter is scarcely enough, in the opinion of most judges, as Dennison himself is required to give 374 to Hewins and Bowen. In other respects the handicapping is faultless. It should be explained that Mr. Bowen, who fills the vacancy caused by Mr. Daniels' withdrawal, and who consented to play merely in a spirit of accommodation, was not handicapped officially. He entered voluntarily upon the same footing as the handicappers had placed Mr. Hewins, the latter himself entering at the eleventh hour to supply the place of Mr. Wilmarth.

There being six competitors, at least fifteen games must be played, irrespective of such as may be necessary to determine ties. Each game is 1,000 points, four-ball caroms, played with 2⅛th balls, on a Phelan & Collender 5½x11 four pocket table. There are three prizes. The first, $350 and a jewelled cue valued at $500. The second, $150; and the third $50. The cue was the gift of Phelan & Collender to that New England city which should raise $450 in auxiliary prizes. Hartford, through the energy of Mr. Hewins, who thoroughly canvassed the New England states, raised the needed amount; and Norwich, represented by Foster, will probably be the resting place of the coveted emblem, which becomes the exclusive property of the winner.

It fell to the lot of Foster and George T. Stone, the latter representing Hartford, to play the opening game. Stone was allowed 300 points to start with and Foster had a narrow escape. Nought but a succession of strikes inspired by despair and in their effects bordering almost upon the miraculous enabled Foster to pull through. For more than one half the game Stone made as many points as his antagonist, and when the end came he was but nine behind. Foster had sixty-two to make and but a faint idea that he would ever make them. His cue hand shook like an aspen leaf. Balls always "break" badly when this player is unnerved and the most discouraging shots came before Foster as fast as he counted. The probabilities were that Stone would not grant him another inning. "Diseased desperate grown are by measures desperate cured" or not at all, and Melvin took most desperate chances. As he played the balls now, a failure to count at any time would leave Stone enough for game, but Foster had the good fortune to escape through the narrowest of holes and so achieved his initial victory. Had he been at all familiar with a pocket table, Stone would surely have won this game, which was scored as follows:—

Foster.—0, 21, 12, 24, 6, 15, 3, 0, 19, 24, 0, 54, 15, 54, 24, 9, 24, 6, 6, 0, 6, 3, 5, 13, 6, 6, 5, 111, 0, 3, 5, 51, 0, 54, 12, 3, 43, 7, 69, 0, 53, 56, 6, 75, 15, 45, 6, 0, 63. Total, 1,000. Average, 20 40-43.

Stone.—0, 0, 38, 12, 0, 28, 6, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 12, 9, 36, 3, 9, 6, 15, 64, 24, 5, 27, 0, 48, 21, 15, 7, 0, 9, 15, 15, 9, 39, 0, 9, 27, 0, 0, 15, 0, 3, 21, 0, 0, 3. Total, 901. Average, 14 33-47.

On the afternoon of the 24th the second game was played, the contestants being Mr. Hewins and Clark E. Wilson, the latter of Pawtucket. The former received the odds of 200. Wilson started off at a rattling pace, and at the 7th inning had well nigh overtaken his opponent. At the 26th he passed him, the positions being 477 and 468, and henceforward it was neck and tie. At the 73d inning, when Hewins had but 3 to make and Wilson 24, $20 to $2 50 were bet on the latter, who had the balls well together, but slipped up at 9. Thus Hewins won by 18.

Hewins.—200 (odds), 0, 0, 0, 3, 9, 9, 54, 18, 33, 9, 12, 21, 12, 3, 63, 9, 0, 3, 0, 0, 9, 3, 0, 0, 18, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 12, 72, 24, 0, 3, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0

JAKEY'S LITTLE PET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ON THE SQUARE.

You've read of Mary's little lamb—
Well, Jakey had a pet
No bigger than his sister's was—
But not a lamb, you bet!
A pup was his—a bull-pup stern—
The gender of it male;
For none but Jake—no, not for Joe—
That pup would wag its tail.

Its eyes were sore and fiery red,
Its hair was short and white;
Its ears and tail—some knowing one
Had trimmed them for the fight.
Its legs bowed outward far apart,
Pugnacious was its "snoot"—
But Mary and her little lamb
It somehow failed to suit!

Then Mary wildly urged that she
Preferred to "shake" the pup;
So Jake, upon parental hint,
Walked off and chained it up—
Said "sister, teach your tender lamb
Each gambol to restrain,
For once it barks again in my 'Tige,'
I'll gamble 'twon't again!"

Ere long that youthful sheep was missed—
Its once familiar bleat
Was heard no more about the house,
Nor yet along the street;
But near the kennel, in the yard,
Were found such proofs as damn—
Provoked by saucy capers, "Tige"
Had snatched a little lamb!

Some bloody bones, and here and there
A scrap or two of wool—
What else remained? A lifeless pup,
Of species known as bull;
A perfect model of his kind—
The never-give-up stuff—
He struggled gamely to the last,
But couldn't "Hold enough!"

THE CHALLENGE.

Until a man gets thoroughly used to it, there is nothing so monotonous as an officer's life in an insolated locality in India. There is routine in everything—in duty, in lounging, eating, smoking, sleeping, reading, billiards and card playing, and this is only varied if by lucky chance he happens to be in a district where pig-sticking, elephant or tiger hunting is obtainable.

The —d had been six years in India, and, in consequence, all the members of that *corps* were afflicted with lassitude that had almost become chronic. There was a great dearth of female society—that *sine qua non* of pleasurable existence—and the hunting had been pronounced by the old sogers, who considered themselves genuine shikarries, to be infernally bad; therefore, when it was announced that a new collector had been appointed to succeed the liveriess old curmudgeon who, for seventeen years, had held office in that district, and a *nota bene* was added, asserting that he was the fortunate possessor of an extremely beautiful wife, every one was on the *qui vive* to receive him. Much to our disappointment, however, he arrived alone, having left his spouse to enjoy the society of her friends in Calcutta for a few weeks, after which she was to follow him with her only child.

Mr. Norman Fraser was a man about thirty-five years of age; tall, muscular and pre-eminently handsome; moreover, he was highly educated, and possessed such powers of pleasing that it was his way to all hearts, and soon became a universal favorite.

It was the custom in those days for officers to remain over the mess table long after the cloth had been removed, and, unless a man possessed a very strong head, he was pretty certain to retire to rest in a lamentably benogged condition. One night, when we all had been indulging pretty freely, the conversation turned to billiards—an interesting topic, for most of us were good players.

"Have you been Fraser's match yet? He beat Webb easily to-day, and I'll back him against any man in the regiment," said Captain Raper, who considered himself an authority on matters connected with games of skill.

"I always give Webb points, and I won't shrink measuring cues with the collector, though he certainly plays a very good game." I replied.

"Fraser, old fellow, Lieutenant Holroyd thinks that he is your equal at billiards. Will you let me back you for a game?" Raper cried, across the table.

The collector, who was "half seas over," promptly expressed his willingness to at once engage with me, so I registered a bet of one hundred rupees with Captain Raper, and we adjourned to the billiard room. I had practiced a great deal in my leisure hours, and knew myself to be a steady player, while, from what I had seen of Fraser's play, I judged that he became nervous and irritable if luck went against him ever so little, therefore I did not hesitate to accept a few other bets offered by admirers of my opponent's brilliant style.

We had got about half way through the game, and our scores were nearly equal, when I made three most palpable flukes in one break, and this so annoyed my semi-inebriated antagonist that he played wildly, missing most easy shots, and all the while denouncing my style of execution in no very measured terms. Now, I am sorry to say, was the most courteous and urbane of men; but when excited by wine he was inclined to be insolent and overbearing.

I was more than thirty points ahead when a shot presented itself to me that was very difficult of accomplishment. It was a straight carom; but, in order to make it, the object ball had to be very finely grazed indeed. My ball scarcely moved the object ball, though it undoubtedly touched it, and went on the red, making the carom. A dispute instantly arose when I claimed the shot.

"You never hit the first ball, sir!" cried Fraser, loudly.

"I know I did not, but my ball did," I remarked, carelessly.

"It's false! There was no carom."

"Do you insinuate a lie, sir?"

"Yes! You are both a liar and a cheat!"

Human nature could not stand that. I slapped my tradducer's face. My brother officers interfered, and, when my temper cooled, I found myself walking on the verandah with my intimate friend, Ned Howson.

"Come, Holroyd, let's get some soda water, and then turn in. You must get your hand steady, for Fraser is sure to challenge you to-morrow," he said.

I took his advice and the beverage he recommended, and was up bright and early the following morning. About ten o'clock Captain Raper came to my quarters. He took a seat and a "peg" before he explained his mission. As I had expected, he was the bearer of a cartel from Mr. Fraser.

"This is a devilish unpleasant business altogether, Holroyd; but I suppose you perceive that there is no alternative. Will you name your friend, for I don't suppose you intend to apologize," said the captain, who bore the reputation of being a fire eater.

I told him I should leave everything in the hands of Lieutenant Howson, and he went to that gentleman in order to arrange preliminaries.

About midday my friend came to me and told me that he had agreed with the second of Mr. Fraser as to the place, time of meeting and weapons to be used in the forthcoming duel. He also hinted that if I had any letters to write, in case of accident, it would be as well to do them at once, and he would call to accompany me to the Rendezvous at dawn the next morning; and when I thanked him and promised to prepare myself for slaughter, left to hunt up the doctor, leaving me to reflect upon my position.

Dueling was much in vogue at that period, but I had never before been a principal in an *affaire d'honneur*, and, I confess, my feelings upon the occasion were not pleasant ones.

In the first place I liked Mr. Fraser very much, and I knew full well that he would never have provoked me to strike him had he not been under the influence of liquor. But the blow had been given and nothing could avert a hostile meeting, unless I accorded him an ample and abject apology—to do which would have required far more courage than to fight, for I should have been stigmatized as a coward and completely ostracised by my brother officers.

It was the rainy season and tolerably cool, so when I had finished "putting my house in order," as Howson had advised, I set out for a long walk, thinking that exercise would steady my nerves, which were somewhat unstrung by the effects of the previous night.

As I strolled leisurely upon my way I pondered upon my past life. I thought of how, barely four years before, I had set out from home full of hope and ambition, the hope of winning name and fame in the profession I had chosen earned in my heart; and now, before I had even dressed my maiden sword, before I was even fairly launched upon my career, I had placed myself in such a position that it was more than probable my hopes, my zeal, ambition and my life, would be cut down like a flower! I cursed the enemy man puts in his mouth to steal away his brains; I thought of the happy home in "Fatherland" that would be made desolate by my death; I thought of the dear loved ones who would mourn me when dimly heard was filled with bitterness—bitterness that was not decreased when I reflected that, even if I was spared and my adversary fell, it would be my hand that would plunge his widow deep into a sea of grief and leave fatherless his innocent child.

I was aroused from this bitter train of thought by the hollow thud of rapidly advancing hoofs, and, on looking up, I saw a lady, whose face was totally unfamiliar to me, vainly endeavoring to restrain a mettlesome horse she was riding. The first glance told me she was a skilful equestrian; the second, that she was unacquainted with the locality, for she seemed evidently bent upon taking the fire out of her steed by urging him forward, and to go forward I knew full well meant to rush headlong to destruction, for right in that direction lay, concealed by bushes, a deep nullah or water course, down which a torrent, swollen by the recent rains, rolled in rushing cataracts over the rock-strewn bed.

"Turn, madam, turn for your life; there is danger ahead?" I cried, as I rushed toward the point for which she was heading.

The lady turned her face and I saw it was fair as an angel's, her symmetrical figure showed to full advantage as she used her utmost efforts to curb her horse, and her hair, which had escaped from the ribbons which bound it, floated, a wave of gold, far in her wake. I was near enough to see the bloom of excitement fade from her cheeks when she heard my warning—near enough to see that the barb was now beyond her control, and that a catastrophe was inevitable.

A swift runner, I started forward at full speed, and gained the bank of the nullah just in time to see the horse and its rider disappear from view in the boiling flood that surged at my feet. For a few seconds I stood paralyzed; then I saw the animal struggle to the surface and knew that its rider had freed herself. There was little chance of saving her, I knew; it would be almost madness to attempt it; but it flashed across my mind that it would be better to end life in a bold effort to rescue a fellow creature, than to meet death at the hand of my friend of yesterday. I doffed my boots, my hat and coat, and plunged into the seething flood. The circling eddies bore me downward and onward, but I was a strong swimmer and I struck out boldly until I gained the surface—gained it just in time to grasp the trailing riding habit of the lady I essayed to save. I twined one arm around her dainty waist and drew her beauteous head, with its drooping fleece of locks, upon my shoulder, while the rushing, foaming torrents bore us along over rocks that bruised and tore our flesh, through deep, swirling pools that strove to suck us under, and down deep cascades, where the waters broke with hissing roar, though they merrily gleamed and flashed in the crimson glow of the setting sun. Bruised and battered by the collision with the cruel rocks, the life-breath well nigh stifled in my throat, and my strength rapidly giving way, yet I clung tightly to the pretty stranger, than unconscious in my arms, fully resolved that grim Death himself should not part us. Over another water-fall the fast flowing flood carried us, and then we were tossed from the flying foam at its foot, to feebly float was all that I could do. My brain was all in a whirl, all power to resist was fast leaving me, when the current bore us under the bank at a place where bushes reached almost to the water's edge. I grasped a root, but the swift stream tore me from my hold and I gave up hope.

An instant afterward, however, I found myself caught in the bushes of a tree that had fallen partly across the nullah, and to it I clung with the mad desperation that love of life alone can instill in the heart of men. I still held the lady, clasped her close to me, though I feared she nevermore would breathe again. I was not one to relinquish the prize I had so strenuously battled for, so, using what little power I still possessed I pushed her up, and laid her on a well forked branch ere I struggled on the tree myself.

At this point the nullah's bank was low, and only tall trees dotted the plain beyond its brink. As I straightened myself I saw to my exceeding joy three horsemen coming swiftly across the patena. I hailed loudly, attracted their attention, and they rode swiftly down when they recognized the perilous predicament I was in. My head was dizzy and I was well nigh overcome with exhaustion, but I managed to retain my hold until I felt a pair of strong arms clutch me and bear me ashore. Then I sank into a deep swoon.

When my senses returned I discovered that I was lying upon a couch in my own quarters, and by my side was standing Lieutenant Howson. Two other gentlemen were seated near the verandah, with their backs toward me.

"Who was she, Ned? Is she dead?" I asked, when I remembered what had occurred.

Ere my friend could reply, the two gentlemen I had noticed rose from their seats and came quickly toward where I was lying. One grasped my hand; I glanced upward and saw the collector bending over me.

"It was my wife, my brave fellow, and in a few days I hope she will be sufficiently recovered to thank you personally for having so gallantly rescued her from a terrible death. She only arrived yesterday morning, and was riding over to the colonel's, with Captain Raper, Dr. Middleton and myself, when her horse bolted and this accident occurred. As for that other matter between you and I, Holroyd, you may call me a coward, or whatever you choose, but I tell you plainly I will never raise my hand against you—you, to whom I owe an everlasting debt of gratitude; for you nobly risked your own life in saving that of my precious Bertha, and may God bless you for the gallant action you performed!" he said, and his fine, frank face gleamed and his eyes glistened with tears as he gazed upon me.

I tried to reply, but I was terribly prostrated, and a choking sensation in my throat stayed my utterance. I sunk back upon my pillow, and closing my eyes, mentally thanked heaven for having aided me to preserve unto my late enemy a life valued far more than his own.

Some weeks passed before I regained convalescence; but Mrs. Fraser, who had not sustained such severe contusions as myself, nursed me so tenderly that I at length recovered my pristine vigor. Many years have gone by since then, and Mrs. Fraser's locks are greyish now; but her daughter's has the golden hue the mother's wore when first we met, and her face has the same sweet expression. The dearest friend I have on earth is the man whose wife I saved—the man who challenged me to a duel that was never fought!"

UP IN THE AIR.

BY THOMAS WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

The following sketch, which we extract from the *Dublin University Magazine*, will derive especial interest for our readers from the fact that it is the latest published work of the late dramatist whose premature death is so sincerely and deeply regretted:—

"Some few months back I was called in, being a surgeon by profession, to attend a Senor Tornados, who, despite his name, was as true an Englishman by birth and parentage as the parish of Lambeth ever produced. I found him suffering from extreme debility and nervousness, brought on by the overstrained tension of the muscles and sinews. He told me that he was a rope dancer, slack and tight; a tumbler, stiff and loose; sprite, acrobat and bottle equilibrist, and many other things which have escaped my memory. His family consisted of his wife, a pale, sickly woman, somewhat older than himself, and a very handsome little girl. 'You see, sir,' he said 'my father was a lawyer over in Lambeth Marsh. I never knew my mother, because she died when I was quite young. I don't know how it was I learned tumbling. The first thing I can remember is standing on my head close to Westminster Bridge, and a gentleman going by giving me a shilling. 'Now, my boy,' the gentleman said, 'do that again,' which I did. 'Now,' said he, 'spring!' which I did, and came on my feet again. 'Good boy!' said he, and he patted me on the head. That gentleman, sir, was the great Mr. Ducrow. Well, sir, of course, after such encouragement from such a man, a tumbler I became. I spared neither pains nor trouble, and practised till I became master of my art and head of my profession.' The senor then recounts how in his early life he met with another actor named James Ranford, and how they worked together, meeting with several ups and downs, until at last they got an engagement at a garden near London. 'Here,' says the escaped acquaintance with an aeronaut, and one evening I went up with him. The sensation was singular. I cannot describe it, but I liked it very much. The æronaut showed me how he managed to steer through the air, when to throw out the sand and how to descend. As we were sailing over London he said to me:—'You couldn't do the slack rope up here, Foscari, could you?' 'Why not?' I said, and as I spoke the idea flashed upon me what splendid feature in the programme it would be:—Perilous performance of the two Foscari Brothers, who will go through their inimitable evolutions on a slack wire suspended from a balloon floating thousands of yards above the surface of the earth!!!' A balloon, I thought, that could bear the weight of eight men inside the car, could bear the weight of two men outside of it. The wire could be fastened to the sides of the car, and when at a sufficient height we could get out on to it and perform. As soon as I reached ground I went to Ranford, who first laughed at the notion, and then agreed to it. The proprietor of the gardens asked us to name our terms. We did so. He tried to beat us down, but at last consented, and we went up and did it! I interrupted him by asking if the danger were not extreme? 'Not a bit,' replied my patient. 'If I fell from a wire swung fifty feet from the ground, the chances are that I should break my neck; if I fell from a height of fifty miles I could do no more.' Then, if our feet miss, we have our hands to hold on by. However, I was saying we went up, and when we had risen a certain distance we got out of the car and commenced the performance. It seemed odd to me at first, tumbling and swinging in the air, with the gardens and the audience and the lamps and the trees such a depth below us; but what struck me as being strangest was when we hung head downwards, and looked up at the clouds, I used to feel that the earth could not be so very distant, for high as we had risen, the sky seemed as far off from us as ever. Our performance gave great satisfaction, and was favorably noticed in the daily and weekly papers. At first the balloon went up with us; but after a few times we were able to manage for ourselves so well that had an accident happened to one of us, the other could have got safely to ground. We were earning a great deal of money, but I noticed that Mrs. Ranford looked paler and more careworn every day, and I knew how her husband was conducting himself by that. One night—I shall never forget it—I was returning from the gardens, and as I passed the door of Ranford's lodgings, little Evelina's nurse ran out to me and said:—'For Heaven's sake, sir, go in. Master and missus have had a dreadful quarrel, and missus is going to kill herself!' I ran into the house. I found the parlor door open. Mrs. Ranford was in the room alone; her back was toward me, but I could see her face in the large looking glass that stood over the chimney-piece. She had a razor in her hand, and was about to use it on herself, when she caught the reflection of my face in the glass. She stopped, turned round, and fell upon the floor in a fit. Ranford came into the room half drunk, half mad, and scowled at me like a demon. I expostulated, and tried to reason with him; but he only made me jeering replies, such as 'O! I understand—better than you think for!' 'I'll have a fool!' 'I have got eyes and can see!' and so on, and I left the house with a heavy heart. Next day the nurse girl told me that Ranford was jealous and that he and his wife had quarreled about me. We ascended that night. He never spoke to me, nor I to him. We both twirled and tumbled up in the air without exchanging a word! Our next ascent took place on the grand gala night of the United Order of Ancient Troxophilites. As I took my seat beside Ranford I noticed that he had been drinking more than usual. He had lately taken to an odd way of shutting his eyes and smiling with his lips tightly pressed together, and what with his knit brows, white tights, spangled trunks and the bit of ribbon round his head, with a paste star in the centre, he looked, as he sat swinging backwards and forwards in the air, more like an evil being than a man. We went through our performance, and came to the last trick. All warning, ring from his two hands the thought came into my head, if he should not hold on! At the same moment that I let go with my left hand and swung only by my right, I heard his voice above me. 'Kerr,' he said, 'are you guilty or not?' I asked him what he meant. 'You know,' he answered. 'Confess that you have wronged me; speak the truth! They are your last words! I have but to loose my grip and down you go!' I tried to release his disengaged arm, but he held it above my reach, and put his other in such a position that I could not catch at it, but swung entirely at his mercy. I leaped to reach the rope with my feet and so hang by the heels, but I failed. I shut my eyes and prayed Heaven to forgive me. Every act of my past life rushed through my brain; at the same time I was perfectly conscious of everything about me—the blue sky, the quiet evening, the rope, the bottom of the car and Ranford's head inverted over me. I thought of what a time I should be falling—falling. I knew how slowly the sand sank from the car, and what a long, long time I should be dying ere I reached the earth. 'Ranford,' I said, 'you are mistaken.' 'You lie,' he answered. 'If you let go my hand you are a murderer. There will be an inquest.' 'I don't care.' 'It is known that there was ill blood between us,' he continued. 'You may be hanged. Your wife will say how jealous—' 'A wife cannot give evidence against her husband!' I knew the next moment I should be falling through the air. A spasm shot to my heart. I fancied I saw the bottom of the car rising from me. I felt the grasp of his fingers loosen. With the energy and strength of desperation I leaped up and caught his wrist with my disengaged hand. I climbed up his body, I know not how, till I reached the perch and thence into the car, where I lay panting for breath and trembling like a hare. He soon followed me. 'I frightened you, didn't I?' he said. 'You don't suppose I meant it, do you?' I made no answer, but prepared for descent. I called on the proprietor of the gardens and told him all. To my intense astonishment, he flatly refused to cancel our engagement, and said that our quarrels were nothing to him, that an agreement was an agreement, and business was business, that the performance drew crowds of visitors and he insisted on its continuance. I told him that I would not risk my life again. Two years passed away. While I was performing at Manchester, I heard of an old friend of mine, of the name of Cooble, being at a circus in a neighboring town. I went over to see him. Lounging near the entrance I saw Ranford. My friend said he called himself the Excelsior, or Champion Somersault Thrower of the World. You must know that a treble somersault means standing on a spring-board, throwing your heels up, and turning completely round three times in the air before you alight upon your feet. I need not say it is a very difficult thing to do. I entered the circus and was accommodated with a seat in the orchestra. I saw that Ranford was not sober. He ran up on the spring-board, bowed, and kissed his hands. The music began. He threw several single somersaults, then a double one, then he stopped and crossed his arms, and looked at me. The audience were very enthusiastic, and he began again, repeating the performance, and stopped again. There was more applause. Then he turned towards me, smiling, as if he said 'Now!'—and went to work a third time. He made some little preparation—turned over once or twice. The house was so silent you might have heard a pin drop. He got the spring, and over he went—once, twice. My heart rose in my mouth, for I saw that he had not room to turn a third time. His head came down with a horrible thud among the tan and sawdust, and he lay in the ring, doubled up and dead!"

A LOAFER.—An old Dutchman settled at New York, and acquired a considerable fortune. He had an only daughter, and a young American fell in love with her, or her dollars, or both. The father forbade him his house, but the daughter encouraged him. Whenever the old merchant saw the young man about the premises he used to exclaim to his daughter:—"There's that 'loafer' (lover) of yours, the idle, good for nothing." So the word "loafer" got into use as representing an idle, shiftless fellow.

THE blue fish is called the "plug-ugly" of the sea, by a contemporary, because of its belligerent propensities.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

NOT WITH MRS. B.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MICHAEL MAGLUEN.

A girl of mine—no matter where;
Her name—no need to tell.
With large blue eyes and curly hair,
That I love very well.
But singular it is, with this
Bliss of my sweet girl to me,
Let me but try to steal a kiss,
She'll whisper "Mrs. B."
"And not with Mrs. B." says she;
"Then pray not quite so free;"
Which knocks John Henry out of time,
For loving a Mrs. B.

We're out at night, the styles to see;
To promenade—no harm—
And coming home, she'll flirting be,
While hanging to my arm.
But let me dare my libsen sway,
With other girls make free,
She'll pout her pretty lips and say:—
"How are you, Mrs. B.?"
"And not with Mrs. B." says she;
"Respect please bear for me;"
So I put my handkerchief away
Confounding Mrs. B.

The facts connected, you shall see,
Are easy to explain;
And if you listen unto me,
No part will I retain.
A married dame I met one day,
As fair as fair could be;
I fell in love, was led astray—
Her name was Mrs. B.
"Not with Mrs. B." says she;
"Then careful try to be."
And that's the "why," where she and I
Are out on Mrs. B.

Then boys be careful, in your route,
Of married dames keep clear,
For should your sweetheart find it out,
The last you'd never hear.
But if perchance you're led astray,
Call memory back to me,
Who can do nothing out of the way
For loving a Mrs. B.
Back to the shadow of Mrs. B.
Take warning all by me,
And never love a married dove
That favors a Mrs. B.

A FRAUDULENT FRAULEIN.

A WEALTHY NEW ENGLANDER ENSNARED BY AN ENGLISH ACTRESS.

"The heart of a young scion of a wealthy and ancient New England family was recently taken by storm by a pretty young English actress, attached to a traveling company, says the Boston *Herald*, and a very charming acquaintance ensued. The company left one town for another and the enamored young man pursued. The young actress is accompanied by a black alpaca mother. There came a time, a few weeks ago, when that mother wept and wailed, and gnashed such teeth as the roast beef of old England had left her—then she refused to be comforted—since the hoffspring had been deluded by a wily Italian-American. The daughter saw her lover—just to make mother comfortable—there should be a sham marriage and it would make things so nice, and Horace could go to New York with them. Horace assented. A young man in the company of a rival manager would, being unknown to mamma, personate the minister. Sunday following, mamma, feeling still very unhappy, sat bolstered on the sofa. An intimate friend of the pretty actress was dressed as Horace the coming sham ceremony and the effect it would have on the stern mother, when enters to them mademoiselle herself, the landlord's son and the strange member of Mr. L.'s company. In a trice the p ir stood up—Horace gave the officiating minister an irrevelent wink—the ceremony was over with. The gentleman took out a note book and made a memorandum of the names of the high contracting parties, and Horace noticed that the thing was carried out, for the book bore the name of the Rev. Dr. Steele, First Presbyterian Church, on its cover. But when the giddy youth followed out of the room and slapped the sham minister on the back and invited the 'old fellow to come and crack a bottle for doing the thing so well,' he received a well deserved rebuke that opened his eyes so wide that it is doubtful if he has shut them since. For the minister was a minister and Horace is a married man, and the 'old fellow' is appeased. But there is a Yankee mother going up and down the land who vows vengeance on the parties who have thus taken in her innocent son."

A MISS-TAKEN IN MARRIAGE BY A BOY.—Conrad Drommesheiser sued by guardian (being under 21 years of age) in the City Court of Brooklyn on Feb. 20th, for an absolute divorce from his wife, Matilda Drommesheiser, on the ground of adultery, and to have the child, which was born four months after their marriage, declared illegitimate. The couple were married in a lager beer saloon in Moore street, Williamsburgh, on the 5th of August, 1868. The plaintiff says that on the 21st of the following September his wife committed adultery with Francis Mathison, and then on the 5th of January, 1870, with one William Dolan. After the discovery of these acts, the young husband did not live with his wife. Several witnesses were examined, among them Mary Bowman, a washerwoman, who testified that she had known the wife from her infancy, and had boarded her before her marriage. Sometimes she lodged with the witness and was not chaste. Johnny Evans corroborated the washerwoman's testimony. The plaintiff is 20 years old, with curly hair and a fresh, blooming countenance. The defendant is a young, dark complexioned woman, with bright, black eyes. On the following day the case was continued, when John Kling, a private detective, swore that on the evening of Jan. 5th, 1870, he followed defendant and a man named William Dolan to a disorderly house on Union avenue. Mrs. Drommesheiser testified to having been married to plaintiff in a lager beer saloon at his request. He had sent for her and told her that then was the time to get married. For a year previous to her marriage Drommesheiser had been intimate with her. She had not been in innate with any other man during that time. Witness' father, stepmother, sister and two others testified positively that on the evening of the 5th of January, sworn to by the detective as the time when he had followed her to a disorderly house, she was lying sick in bed from a severe attack of diptheria. Rebutting evidence was produced to show that defendant had borne a bad character, and was known by the title of "Light Artillery." The case being given to the jury, a verdict was rendered that defendant did not commit adultery, and that the child was legitimate.

A GROSS MISTAKE.—Mrs. John Miller, whose husband obtained a divorce from her on the alleged ground of adultery, has served notice of motion, through her counsel, on the plaintiff's attorney to show cause why the decree should not be set aside. Mrs. Miller deposes in her affidavit that the divorce was obtained without her knowledge, during her temporary absence from the city; that in August last her husband turned her out of his house, his only reason for so doing being an unfounded suspicion on his part of criminal intimacy between herself and one Gross, an intimate friend of the family. She went to Michigan and stayed five months; on returning he refused to receive her. In the meantime he had been attentive to Mrs. Gross, the wife of the man of whom he was suspicious, and then married to her, or on the eve of being so. Mrs. Gross had entered into an arrangement with her husband in August last, by which, for a consideration, he had left her and made it possible for her to procure a divorce. Mrs. Miller deposes that the allegations of adultery are unqualifiedly false, and were made for the purpose of obtaining a divorce from her, in order that he might marry Mrs. Gross. Notwithstanding this, Miller has always contributed to her support. She is now destitute and incapable of supporting herself. Her husband has charge of an upholstering establishment in New York and receives a good income.

DIDN'T KNOW HER HUSBAND.—One of the most strange cases came up in the Tombs Police Court in this city on Feb. 18th, in which Chenes Lapitzowi, a Polish damsel, brought suit against one whom she claimed to be her better half, named Louis Goldschmidt, with whom she had been married in Poland, for having deserted her. It turned out, however, to be a case of marvelous mistaken identity, in which the man under arrest was proven to be not that man Louis, but another man named Wolf Goldstein, who had never been in Vesitletin in all his life. Chenes produced a photograph which it was said represented her husband. It was not Goldstein, the defendant, however, and in a few minutes a German came forward and said that the person represented by the picture was an old friend in Poland, for having deserted her. A hearty laugh at Chenes' confusion, the Judge intimated that to mistake a stranger for a friend in the street was an excusable error; but for a wife not to know her own husband was beyond even his comprehension. He supposed that she had married somebody; but he advised that Mr. Casserly should send her back across the Atlantic, as he thought she would be nearer the tracks of her peculiar spouse. Chenes left the court in a great agony of mind, followed by the host of perjurers who had come to swear poor Goldstein into a singularly hasty marriage.

SHE LOVED HER GRAMMAR.—A Mr. Ingham and his son of Jersey City, were arrested by detective Carroll on Feb. 20th, accused of atrociously assaulting Frederick Grammar. When the accused persons were arraigned before Justice Chambers it transpired that Grammar had wooed and won a fair young daughter of Mr. Ingham against the will of the latter. About a week previous they were clandestinely married, but the young bride returned to her father's house and observing the utmost secrecy as to the affair until Feb. 18th, when she was induced by Grammar to reveal her marriage to her parents, after which she repaired to her new home. During Saturday night her father and brother went, as alleged, to Grammar's house, forced the door of his chamber, and atrociously assaulted him, at the same time threatening to make his wife a widow. The castigated bridegroom grew so scared that he fled, while his wife was borne away by her father and brother. The Inghams gave bail in $1,000 each.—*New York Sun.*

WOMAN'S LOVE is estimated by an English cotemporary as follows:—"A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman if she does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman if he escapes a barbarians; an miserable barbarian; an English woman if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the Court and aristocracy; an American woman if he has plenty of money.

A SWEET SIXTEENER IN TROUBLE.—Josephine Oram, when only sixteen years old was married to Charles Oram, sued in the Brooklyn City Court, on Feb. 23d, for a limited divorce, on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment. She swore that her husband began to maltreat her within a year after their marriage, and continued to do so until September last—when she left him. Her husband swore that his wife was very profane to him, and constantly neglected her domestic duties, and that he merely struck her once with his open hand when he had become exasperated at her misconduct. Judge Neilson reserved his decision.

A RIDICULOUS MANDATE.—The Emperor William, of Germany, has issued a cabinet order, declaring illegal marriages contracted by officers of his army without his consent before the campaign. To legalize them, new marriages, with previous imperial consent, are necessary. What a subversion of the "holy rites," and how it must open the gates for faithless husbands to rid themselves of their better halves.

JAIL PREFERRED TO MATRIMONY.—James Mackey, of West Farms, N. Y., sentenced himself to imprisonment in the county jail, on Feb. 21st. Justice Lent had required him to marry a young girl in Tremont, pay her $2.50 a week for seven years, or go to the county jail, and he chose the last.

ACKNOWLEDGING A FAVOR (?)—An eccentric citizen of St. Louis died recently, and left in his will $1,000 to a man who ten years before had run away with his wife. One of the last things he said was that he never forgot a favor.

INTELLIGENT PET.—"Ma, dear, what do they play the organ so loud for when church is over? Is it to wake us up?"

THE TRIGGER.

GREAT CONTEST FOR THE DIAMOND CHAMPIONSHIP BADGE OF AMERICA.

For Double Bird Shooting.

EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING—MILES JOHNSON THE WINNER.

REVELATIONS RESPECTING THE RHODE ISLAND CHAMPIONSHIP BADGE—DISGRACEFUL TREATMENT OF THE WESTERN CHAMPION AND HIS BACKER.

On Wednesday, Feb. 22d, the anniversary of Washington's birthday, the great contest at double-bird shooting for the diamond championship badge, offered by Captain Israel R. Sealy, for general competition among the crack pigeon shots of America, came off on the grounds of the Long Island Shooting Club, near the Union Course, L. I. The day was fine but cold and the attendance was very large, comprising all the prominent knights of the trigger in the United States. The badge, which was the subject of competition, is an elegant and costly article, consisting of a golden star, having a small diamond in each corner, the whole being enclosed in a wreath 2¾ inches in diameter, from which hangs a gold powder horn, the entire being pendant from a miniature golden bowling piece. In the centre of the star are the words, in blue enamel, "Champion Badge," and on the golden horn, in like letters, "Double Birds." Altogether it is an elegant and artistic article and reflects credit on the designers. Its value is $250. It was originally intended that the winner of this badge should pledge himself to shoot any challenger for a sum not less than $500 a side, within three months of the date of said challenge, and the party holding it against all comers for two years became entitled to it as his own personal property. This condition, however, was unsatisfactory to most of the leading knights of the trigger, and they were changed, so that the victor in the contest in question became the possessor of the badge without any restrictions. The change met with general approval, and when the entries closed, it was found that twelve competitors had entered the lists, the entrance money being $25 each. So large an entry, more than covering the original cost of the emblematic badge, induced Capt. Sealy to make a second prize of $100 in money. The following are the names of the contending shooters:—1. Capt. A. H. Bogardus, Elkhart, Ill.; 2. John Taylor, Jersey City, N. J.; 3. W. Tinker, Providence, R. I.; 4. Miles Johnson, Yardville, N. J.; 5. W. D. Southard, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; 6. Geo. J. Romer, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; 7. Capt. E. M. Jones, Fire Island, N. Y.; 8. Horace Ramsey, New York city; 9. Ira Paine, New York city; 10. N. Doxey, Henry county, Ill.; 11. Alva Merrill, Boston, Mass.; 12. A. L. Sewell, New York city. Of the above, Bogardus, Taylor, Paine, Tinker and Johnson are widely known as crack shots of the highest class. John Taylor has for years been regarded as the champion pigeon shooter of America, at both single and double birds, having a record of 98 out of 100 single, and 94 double birds in matches; and although quite out of practice, seldom now using his gun, he showed in this match that his hand is almost as true and his eye as quick as in days gone by. Although he had probably the worst birds to shoot at, Johnson killed a dozen marksmen, those that fell victims to his aim were killed cleanly and well. E. Tinker, the Rhode Island crack shot, is a remarkably graceful, reliable and effective shooter, and his bad luck in failing to secure one of his first pair alone caused him to fail in making a tie with the winner. Capt. Bogardus, at the commencement, was generally regarded as the most likely winner, but his chance of victory was jeopardized by his breech-loader missing fire in order, so that he was obliged to tie the breech to the stock with cord to keep it together. But for this casualty the western hunter would, in all probability, have been hailed as the winner; as it was, his shooting, under the circumstances, was extraordinarily good. He is a tall, powerfully built man, with a countenance expressive of good nature and generality; his modest bearing, no less than his wonderful skill, gaining him general popularity. Miles Johnson has for years been identified with pigeon shooting, and, with the exception of John Taylor, has probably shot more matches at both double and single birds than any man in America. He is devotedly fond of field sports, and although he has lost three fingers by shooting casualties, his enthusiasm remains as warm and passionate as ever. Doxey, like his friend Capt. Bogardus, whose financial backer he is, hails from Illinois, and, like him, is a great field shooter, and we are informed on that he has killed as many as 178 English snipe in one day, and this season more than 3,000 prairie chickens have fallen to his gun. Doxey is the crack pigeon shot of Henry county, and having defeated all the best knights of the trigger in that section, and sighing for fresh triumphs and contestants to conquer, he threw down the gauntlet to any shooter in Illinois. His bold challenge was accepted by Capt. Bogardus, at the time comparatively unknown to fame, and Doxey sustained so overwhelming a defeat at the Captain's hands, that ever since he has linked his fortunes with his conqueror's and has backed him in all his matches from that time, and with almost invariable success. The remaining aspirants for the champion badge are not so well known in pigeon shooting circles. Alvah Merrill is a Bostonian shot of local renown, and on this occasion his performance was highly creditable and indicative of future excellence. Capt. Jones is a warm devotee of the sport, but has not had much practice at pigeons; his *forte* being, as he informed us, as a pistol or rifle shot off either shoulder. Ramsey is the *nom de sport* of a well known New York dry goods merchant, who takes pretty high rank among amateur pigeon shooters, but, as might be expected, failed to hold his own among professional shots. The two Poughkeepsie representatives were both amateurs, and only entered the match to promote sport, and without any expectation of bearing off the prize.

There were about five hundred persons assembled on the grounds, which are located immediately in the rear of the hotel, once conducted by the lamented Hiram Woodruff, and now managed by Captain Sealy, the giver of the champion badge. An admission fee of 50 cents a head was charged, but that failed to deter sporting Boniface from having made money by the speculation. Mr. William Parks, a Wall street stock broker, who much affects pigeon shooting contests, was appointed referee, and the nigger Jake, an *attache* of the hotel, was agreed upon as handler and trapper. The conditions were to shoot at fifteen double birds, 21 and 7 ground traps, 18 yards rise and 100 yards boundary. The betting was not heavy, but in what little business was transacted Captain Bogardus had the call; Tinker, Paine and Taylor being also fancied. Against the winner, Miles Johnson, as much as $100 to $10 was offered without takers, so completely was his chance of winning ignored by the knowing ones. After ten rounds had been shot, Johnson, who had killed all his birds, became the favorite over Bogardus, who had missed two. The former had great good fortune in his birds, which, in the majority of cases, rose singly, thus giving the shooter a favorable chance of bringing them down. Those of the Western shooter, on the contrary, were strong, driving birds, as were also those John Taylor shot at. The shooting was done in regular and success ive order, Mr. Doxie being first on the list. On the fifth round he and Mr. Sewell withdrew, as did Mr. Ramsay on the tenth round. The subjoined score will show better than any detailed description the various fluctuations and progress of the contest. Suffice it to say, Miles Johnson, amid loud cheering, having killed 28 out of 30 birds, was declared the winner. E. W. Tucker, of Providence, R. I., having scored 27 out of 30, took the second prize of $100. Bogardus, who killed 26, had to be content with the barren honors of third man. The score:—

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BASE BALL.

THE UNION CLUB, OF MORRISANIA.

The following is the record of this club for 1870, taken from the scores of games published in the CLIPPER. The first gives their list of victories:—

April 25	Union	Atlantic	26
May 2	Union	Atlantic	24
May 4	Union	Mutual	11
May 18	Union	Atlantic	21
May 23	Union	Eckford	21
May 30	Union	Haymakers	27
June 15	Union	Cincinnati	14
June 27	Union	Atlantic	51
July 1	Union	Atlantic	22
July 4	Union	Olympic, Washington	14
July 7	Union	Maryland	21
July 8	Union	Chicago	28
Aug. 3	Union	Warren	16
Aug. 5	Union	Eckford	17
Aug. 10	Union	Forrest City, Cleveland	19
Aug. 22	Union	Atlantic	24
Aug. 25	Union	Mutual	18
Sept. 5	Union	Mutual	12
Total		Total	408

The following are the averages of the club for 1870:—

Players.	Games.	1B.	Average.	T.B.	Average.
1. Higham	26	61	2-09	88	3-10
2. Gedney	26	66	2-04	73	2-19
3. Bass	19	40	2-02	66	3-09
4. Holdsworth	11	23	2-01	31	2-09
5. Austin	44	90	1-30	85	2-07
6. Fabor	37	45	1-18	80	2-09
7. Shelly	34	41	1-17	61	2-13
8. Reynolds	15	27	1-12	33	2-05
9. Birdsall	18	29	1-11	42	1-13
10. Kenny	25	29	1-06	36	1-15
11. Bearman	7	12	1-05	13	1-05
12—Brown	8	12	1-04	21	2-05

THE ECKFORD CLUB RECORD.

In the absence of any official record of the play of the Eckford Club for 1870, we give below the record of games published in the CLIPPER, together with the averages based upon the same data. During 1870 we have recorded 38 games as having been played by the Eckfords, of which they won 12, and lost 15. Of the games they won two only were with professional nines; while of those they lost 11 were with professional nines, the only professional club they defeated being the Unions, of Morrisania. They had one tie game, viz.—that with the Mutuals. Below we give the scores of the games played and won during 1870:—

April 27	Eckford	Oriental, New York	15
May 5	Eckford	Oriental, New York	4
May 28	Eckford	Union, Morrisania	9
June 14	Eckford	Excelsior, Brooklyn	10
June 18	Eckford	Athletic, Brooklyn	7
July 13	Eckford	Athletic, Brooklyn	5
July 15	Eckford	Equity, Brooklyn	11
July 16	Eckford	Gramercy, New York	18
July 22	Eckford	Bergen, New Jersey	8
July 28	Eckford	Harmonic, Brooklyn	13
July 30	Eckford	Irving, New York	7
Aug. 5	Eckford	Union, Morrisania	12
Total	348	Total	137

The following are the scores of the games they lost:—

May 18	Eckford	Atlantic	30
May 20	Eckford	Mutual	22
May 31	Eckford	Star	15
June 1	Eckford	Resolute	17
June 4	Eckford	Star	24
June 8	Eckford	Mutual	18
June 9	Eckford	Union, Morrisania	26
June 17	Eckford	Cincinnati	24
June 21	Eckford	Union	22
June 24	Eckford	Resolute	19
June 28	Eckford	Resolute, Elizabeth	12
Aug. 2	Eckford	Mutual	19
Aug. 10	Eckford	Forest City, Cleveland	13
Sept. 14	Eckford	Mutual	16
Sept. 23	Eckford	Chicago	22
Total	135	Total	351

Below we give the averages of bases made by clean hits of those who took part in five games and over during the season:—

Players.	Games.	1st Base Hits.	Average.	Total Bases.	Ave'ge.
1. Duffy	21	46	2-4	64	3-01
2. R. Hunt	15	34	2-4	44	2-14
3. Allison	21	44	2-2	63	3-11
4. Coniglan	14	23	1-9	27	2-01
5. McDermott	20	28	1-8	40	2-00
6. Josh. Snyder	19	25	1-6	31	1-11
7. C. Hunt	9	14	1-5	17	1-08
8. Lynch	8	12	1-4	12	1-04
9. Price	8	8	1-3	9	1-04
10. Jewett	5	7	1-2	12	2-02
11. Devyr	8	10	1-2	12	1-04
12. Malone	5	7	1-2	8	1-03
13. Jas. Snyder	19	20	1-1	30	1-10
14. Beach	6	6	1-0	8	1-02

THE LIVE OAK CLUB, OF CINCINNATI.

The following are the averages of this club for 1871. The record of the games and names of clubs played with were not sent:—

	Games.	No. Times at Bat.	No. Runs.	No. Hits.	No. 1st Base.	No. 2d Base.	No. 3d Base.	No. Home Runs.	Total Bases.	Total Put Outs.	Total Assists.	Total Errors.
W. Boake, r.f	15	48	3-02	22	1-05	30	2-00	19	1			
Smith, p. c. f and s. s	14	61	4-04	36	2-06	60	4-08	23	18			
Wright, 2d b	17	65	3-08	37	2-02	60	3-08	44	38			
J. Boake, l.f	15	44	2-09	19	1-03	22	1-06	22	2			
Kalisch, 3d b	15	58	3-13	23	2-01	41	2-13	6	15			
Griffith, c	15	40	2-07	26	1-07	51	3-04	40	13			
Lowe, 1st b	14	37	2-07	26	1-09	42	3-00	114	—			
De Mar, p	5	16	3-02	7	1-04	19	3-08	3	5			
Langdon, s. s	6	23	3-06	12	2-00	20	3-05	11	26			
Colburn, p	10	29	2-09	20	2-00	30	3-00	19	25			
Bettens, 3d b	8	18	2-03	13	1-06	17	2-01	17	13			
Jones, c. f and c	8	22	2-07	11	1-04	16	2-00	22	2			
Russell, c	8	10	2-00	2	1-04	2	1-04	30	2			

The list of batting items has been increased by the addition of the number of times reached 1st b. A swift runner, who starts at once and goes for his base will often make it when another player will not. Many short fair fouls towards 3d are generally base hits for such player, for they *cannot be put out;* but the scorer only considers the quality of the hits, without regard to the runner.

ATHLETIC, JR., OF CALIFORNIA.

Below we present a correct list of games played by the Athletic Club (juniors), of San Francisco, Cal., during the past season. The directors of this flourishing club have secured a good date for 1871, and propose making a tour during the season, which will be extended as far as the eastern states:—

Opposing Clubs.	Where Played.	Innings.	Athletics.	Op's.
Resolute	San Francisco	9	62	24
Eclipse, jr	San Francisco	9	58	38
Unknown	San Francisco	9	14	11
Unions	San Francisco	9	33	22
Bay City	San Francisco	9	34	31
Red Rovers	San Jose	9	48	12
Good Will	San Jose	9	47	17
Energetic	Los Angelos	7	73	28
Picked Junior Nine	Los Angelos	9	23	18
Red Rovers	San Jose	9	39	20
Good Will	San Jose	9	14	4
Happy Boys	Oakland	5	6	1
New Worlds	Vallejo	9	36	15
New Worlds	Vallejo	9	45	10
Dead Reds	Vallejo	9	25	19
Plain City	Sacramento	10	32	30
Pluto	Sacramento	9	28	21
Chrysopolis	Sacramento	8	74	0
Central	Sacramento	8	63	31
Stockton	Stockton	9	44	35
Mutual	Stockton	9	40	28
Pastime	Stockton	9	23	31
Cataract	Marysville	9	38	8
Unknown	San Francisco	12	1	0
Rincon	San Francisco	8	34	43

THE OLD ELM CLUB, OF PITTSFIELD, MASS.

This club played twenty games during the season of '70, winning eleven and losing nine; scoring a total of 708 runs to their opponents' 587. The games won were with the Williams College, of Williamstown; Stars, of Springfield; Active, of Lee; Hope, of Great Barrington; Star, of North Adams, once each; and the Pontoosuc and Bay State of Pittsfield, and Mutuals of Springfield twice each; the latter games for the Championship of Western Mass., which the Old Elm Club now hold. The games lost were with Haymakers, of Troy; Red Stockings, of Cincinnati; Bay State and Pontoosuc, of Pittsfield; Putman, of Troy; Mutuals, of Springfield, and Mutuals of Adams. The following are the nine best averages of the club for 1870:—

Players.	First Bases.	Average.	Total Bases.	Average.
Briggs	39	8-05	43	8-05
Plunkett	40	8-05	67	7-10
Chickering	34	6-08	53	6-03
Pierce	36	4-02	69	4-05
Chapin	64	3-13	80	4-12
Root	38	3-07	70	4-02
Pitt	42	3-06	51	4-08
Snow	36	3-04	32	4-00
Morton	37	3-01	41	3-05

REVOLVING IN PROFESSIONAL CLUBS.

CUTHBERT AND THE CHICAGO CLUB.

A Chicago paper recently published an article explanatory of the position Cuthbert, of the Chicago nine of 1870, occupied towards that club, and this article certainly places the conduct of Cuthbert in a somewhat questionable light, and moreover it places him in a position affecting his reputation as a square player. In reference to the troubles professional club managers are subject to in organizing a nine, we clip the following pertinent article from the Chicago *Republican*, which describes one of these obstacles pretty well. The article opens as follows:—

If there is anything in this world that will tax human patience to a degree almost unbearable, it is to manage a professional base ball club. Players, almost without exception, entertain high opinions of the value of their services, and in a manner put themselves up at auction, to be knocked down to the highest bidder. The club manager, after months of worriment and genuine hard work, succeeds, as he imagines, in securing the requisite number of players to constitute a club. This accomplished, and at least a couple of months rest is anticipated. Vain delusion. One or more of the engaged men, as the case may be, resort to "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." The manager is speedily up to his neck in hot water. The players have the advantage, for it is too late to secure capable men to fill their places. They make the most outrageous demands, and in nine cases out of ten the manager, having no alternative, is obliged to yield. But presuming that the manager should be so situated as to be safe in refusing to comply with the demands of a rascally player, and at once cause him to be expelled from the club, what is the result? One of the rules adopted by the present convention is, in effect, that no club shall play a man who has been expelled from another club. If this rule was strictly adhered to there would be no complications. But more than one first class club has already violated it, as far as engaging players is concerned. And the example set will be followed by others. A "rounder" signs papers to play with a club for the ensuing season. Another club prevails upon him to break his contract and sign new papers. The club that has the right to his services expels him for dishonorable conduct, and is justified in refusing to play any club that engages the expelled man. Now supposing it is a first class club that plays this expelled man. To refuse to meet the club by reason of this action would result in a loss of $5,000, for that amount would, in all probability, be the receipts of a season's contests between the two nines. What is the manager to do? The loss of the services of the man is of itself injurious to the interests of the club. It would not be good policy to incur still greater injuries, so the manager is forced to make the best of the matter, and has no redress whatever for the trouble he is put to by the re-laxity of the ball player.

A correspondent, in regard to Cuthbert's position, writing to us on the subject, says:—

Cuthbert signed a contract with the Chicago Club, unconditionally, and the managers of the Athletics must have been aware of the fact while using their influence to keep him from coming to Chicago. You will recollect the similar case of Radcliffe's signing for the Cincinnati Club, after contracting with the Athletics, and of his expulsion by and subsequent return to the latter. I don't see how they can consistently object to annulling the contract with Cuthbert. The following is the copy of a letter sent to the Athletics by the Chicago Club, and it explains the case of Cuthbert very clearly:—

CHICAGO BASE BALL CLUB, CHICAGO, Feb. 18th, 1871.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS, ATHLETIC BASE BALL CLUB, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—GENTS.—We wish to make a plain statement of facts and request your immediate consideration, with an equally frank reply. On the 22d of November, 1870, Edgar E. Cuthbert signed a contract with the Chicago Base Ball Club, in which he agreed to give his services from March 15th, 1871, to March 15th, 1872, to that club and no other, and this contract is duly stamped and recorded. We are now informed that he has since signed a contract for the coming season with your club. Under these circumstances his services can honorably only be given to the Chicago Club, and knowing the circumstances now, we think you will agree with us in the belief that his contract with you should be annulled. Knowing how consistent you have been in your efforts to do away with professional revolving, and believing that the success of base ball depends on the practice of fair dealing among professional clubs, we can but expect your favorable action and reply at an early date.

For the Chicago Base Ball Club,
(Signed) NORMAN T. GARNETTE, President.
J. M. THACHER, Secretary.

Hither o Cuthbert has possessed an untarnished reputation as a square, manly player, and we shall be loath to think that he has acted otherwise. But the above letters require some explanation from him on the subject.

THE LAST GAME CREIGHTON PLAYED IN.

As a matter of reference we give below the score of the last game Creighton played in. The match was the first game played between the Union and Excelsior clubs in 1862, and it took place on Saturday, July 26th, on the Excelsior grounds, foot of Court street, Brooklyn:—

Excelsior.	H.	L.	Union.	H.	L.
Creighten, p	1	1	Durell, 1st b	3	1
Russell, s. s	3	0	Abrams, c	2	2
Leggett, c	2	1	Hannegan, p	2	2
Polhemus, c. f	2	1	Hyat, 2d b	2	2
Young, 2d b	2	0	Beasford, l. f	1	2
C. Whiting, r. f	2	0	Nicholson, r. f	1	2
Pearsall, 1st b	2	0	Pinckney, 2d b	2	1
L. Brainard, l. f	1	0	Collin, c. f	3	0
Brainard, 3d b	1	0	Gaynor, s. s	1	0
Total	4		Total	12	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	
Excelsior	2	0	0	0	2	0	—4
Union	0	2	7	3	0	0	—12

Passed balls—Leggett, 6; Abrams, 3—9. Home runs—Abrams, 1; Creighton, 1—2. Put out at home base—Gaynor by Leggett, and Hannegan by Brainard. Struck out—Polhemus, 1; Russell, 1; Whiting, 1; Durell, 1; Hannegan, 1; Hyat, 1; Pinckney, 1; Collins, 2; Nicholson, 1—10. Fly catches missed—Leggett, 1; Creighton, 1; L. Brainard, 1; Gaynor, 1; Beasford, 1—4. Bound catches missed—Leggett, 1; Polhemus, 2—3. Fly catches made—Russell, 1; Leggett, 1; Polhemus, 1; Pearsall, 1; Durell, 2; Hannegan, 2; Hyat, 1—9. Bound catches made—Abrams, 3; Hannegan, 1; Beasford, 1; Pinckney, 3; Collins, 1—9. Put out on foul balls—Unions, once; Excelsiors, four times. Umpire—Mr. Wadsworth, of the Gotham Club. Scorers—Messrs. Gregory and Albro. Time of game—Two hours and twenty-five minutes.

Our report of the match concluded as follows:—Of the play on the part of the Excelsiors we have to record a good fly-catch by Polhemus, another by Russell, and a beauty by Leggett, from a swiftly tipped ball off Pinckney's bat, and Leggett also put out one player near home base in style, as did Brainard, and Creighton one at 2d base, after he had taken Brainard's place there in the 4th innings; Pearsall also put out four players well at 1st base. In batting, Creighton made a home run from a splendid hit to left field, and Brainard his 2d base from another to the same place. Leggett and Polhemus also batted well for their runs. Beyond this nothing was done worthy of remark, in the way of either fielding or batting. On the part of the Unions, all played well, their batting and fielding being first class. The feature of the contest was the truly kindly spirit manifested by both parties, one to the other, the graceful manner in which the Excelsiors bore their defeat being commendable in the extreme.

THE GAME IN NEW ORLEANS.

DEFEAT OF THE SOUTHERNS BY THE LONE STARS.

Considerable interest was felt locally in the result of the game on the 19th ult. between these clubs, and much money was invested on its result. The friends of the Southrns were not a little "let in" by the result of the game, the Stars from the very first completely outplaying them, and rolling up ten runs in the first innings before they could be retired. Of course this state of affairs was a terrific damper on the aspirations of the Southerns; but, to do them justice, they played a fine up-hill game, and demonstrated that they have the material, if properly handled, to make one of the best nines in the southern country. In Hennessey, "Didlake," Winn, E. Keefe and Holtzman they have A1 players; but their efforts are often thrown away by the frivolous play of one or two others. The Lone Stars are now playing better than they have ever been known to, and with a little more practice will make a tough nine for any amateur club to defeat. In Condon they have the best first base man in New Orleans, while Wright at third, and Oby at second, are excellent players. Tracy is perhaps the best general player in the south; he is steady and always reliable, and is the most even tempered man that plays ball in that locality. Hastings' reputation as catcher is well known to the readers of the CLIPPER. Leonard, as pitcher, is a very good one, and improves with every game played. Redon, centre fielder, is small in size, but he covers an immense amount of ground. In the present game he especially distinguished himself by taking a magnificent running fly. The following is the score:—

Southern.	R.	1B.	T.B.	Lone Star.	R.	1B.	T.B.
Hennessey, s. s	1	3	4	Condon, 1st b	2	3	4
Bozant, 1st b	2	2	2	"Wright," 3d b	4	2	2
Donovan, c. f	0	1	1	Oby, 2d b	3	3	5
Carson, 2d b	1	1	1	Hastings, c	2	1	1
Holtzman, l. f	2	1	1	Tracy, s. s	4	4	5
Keefe, p	0	1	1	"Leonard," p	3	2	3
Chandler, r. f	1	1	1	Scott, l. f	3	2	3
"Didlake," c	1	2	2	Tebault, r. f	2	0	0
Winn, 3d b	0	0	0	Redon, c. f	3	3	4
Totals	8	12	13	Totals	27	20	27

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Southern	2	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	2	—8
Lone Star	10	3	3	1	1	3	1	0	4	—27

Base play—Bozant, 13; Carson, 1; Winn, 1—15. Assisted by Hennessey, 3; Bozant, 1; Donovan, 1; Carson, 1; Keefe, 5; Winn, 3. Condon, 3; Tracy, 1—8. Assisted by Wright, 2; Hastings, 1; Tracy, 1; Leonard, 2. Flies caught—Bozant, 1; Carson, 3; Winn, 1—5. Condon, 2; Wright, 3; Oby, 1; Tracy, 1; Scott, 1; Redon, 1; Hastings, 1—10. Umpire, V. C. Bertel. R. K. Lee Clark. Time of game, 2 hours and 10 minutes.

ORLEANS vs. BALTIC.

These clubs played quite an interesting game on Feb. 19th, on the grounds corner of Louisiana avenue and Dryades street, which the Orleans boys won by the following score:—

Orleans.	H.	L.	R.	Baltic.	H.	L.	R.
Willig, 1st b	4	2		Finnerty, 1st b	3	3	
Stringer, p	3	3		Alexander, p	3	3	
Johnson, 2d b	4	2		Aleck, 2d b	1	4	
Cain, s. s	4	1		Williams, s. s	2	3	
Bossin, r. f	1	5		Bernnar, r. f	4	2	
Gennagan, c. f	3	4		Hannor, c. f	3	2	
McDaniel, 1f	4	2		Lemmerman, 1f	4	2	
Gaffney, c	4	2		Sherwood, c	3	0	
Keller, 3d b	4	2		Cartright, 3d b	3	1	
Total	23			Total	16		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Orleans	1	8	7	0	1	1	1	0	4	—23
Baltic	1	1	0	9	1	1	0	2	1	—16

Umpire—F. De Trawville.

BASE BALL BETWEEN U. S. NAVY OFFICERS.

The officers of the American naval squadron, now located in French waters, lately met on shore near Nice, and engaged a few hours' exercise on land in the form of a base ball match. The following is the score:—

Flyaround.	O.	R.	Juniata.	O.	R.
Rittienhouse, 1st b	2	4	Nagro, c	2	3
Leach, l. f	2	4	Colohan, p	2	3
Green, s. s	3	3	Jones, l. f	3	3
Ingersoll, p	2	3	Shackara, 3d b	4	0
Hemphill, 3d b	4	3	Berry, s. s	3	0
Witherspoon, r. f	3	3	Wilson, 1st b	3	0
Dillingham, c	2	2	Phelps, r. f	3	0
Dyer, c. f	3	2	Nash, 2d b	3	0
Meigs, 2d b	2	3	Seymour, 2d b	0	0
Total	26		Total	12	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Flymouth	4	0	6	0	5	0	6	—26
Juniata	4	3	4	0	0	0	0	—12

Umpire—Lieutenant James H. Dayton, United States steamer Flymouth.

Thorough good feeling prevailed, notwithstanding that a part of the game was played during a severe rain squall. The expected sailing of the Flymouth making it impossible to alter the time, the game was called at a little after two P. M., and opened even. The Juniatas then took the lead, keeping it until the fifth innings, when the Flymouths went ahead. Darkness and dampness closed the game at the end of the seventh innings. The event was one noteworthy in the records of the game.

SAVANNAH vs. SCHACHTE.

We present the score of a match played at Savannah, Ga., on the 21st ult., between the Savannah Club and the Schachtes, of Charleston, S. C.:—

Schachte.	O.	R.	Savannah.	O.	R.
Maguire	1	3	Kimball	3	4
McNully	4	1	Alden	3	4
D. Toohey	3	0	May	3	6
Schachte	4	0	Beard	4	3
Kressels	4	0	Nellinger	4	2
Boyce	4	0	Harris	2	6
Conklin	1	0	Potts	2	5
Heslin	3	0	Ralph	4	5
B. Toohey	3	2	Murnan	4	4
Total	6		Total	41	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Schachte	1	0	2	0	3	0	0	0	0	—6
Savannah	5	3	1	3	4	1	3	0	7	—41

Umpire—A. T. Lawrence, of the Union, of Washington. Scorers—J. F. Simmons and A. M. Haywood. Time of game—3 hours and 15 minutes.

BASE BALL THROWING.—We have had numberless inquiries about the figures of the longest throw of a base ball, and in order to answer all at one time we give the particulars of the longest throw on record as furnished us by Harry Wright. The throw was made in July, 1868, and HARRY, in his letter describing it, says:—

Yesterday we had some "ball tossing" on our ground, that, I believe, has never been equaled in this country or in England. There had been some bets made that Johnny Hatfield could not throw a base ball 127 yards clear. If there was any wind he was to throw across it. If he succeeded he was to get a suit of clothes. In the betting, distance was the favorite. I was umpire. We measured off the ground, and about three o'clock he took his first throw. Distance, 125 yards. Second throw, 129 yards, 1 foot. Third throw, 127 yards. A total in three successive throws of 1,153 feet. As there was a slight breeze, and some said it helped him, I got him to throw the ball back. His first throw back was 127 yards, 1¾ feet. Second throw, 127 yards, 1 foot. Third throw, 126 yards. A total of 1,113 feet, 6 inches, and a grand total in six throws, three each way, of 2,265 feet six inches. How this you can depend upon as being correct, as I measured the distance myself, and Messrs. G. B. Ellard, Brainard, Waterman, Howe, and several other well known ball players were present. It was a regulation base ball that he threw. The throw has not been equaled since.

NOTES.—Base ball matters are beginning to be agitated in Chicago already. The Chicago Club have a petition before the Councils to give them the Lake Shore grounds, and they thing there is little doubt about their getting them. The grounds are admirably situated, being in the very centre of the business portion of the city. The club will start south about the middle of March and stay a month, definite arrangements for games having been made for that time. On the return of the nine they will open their new grounds and then play a series with the Forest Cities, of Cleveland, and one with the Rockfords. They also purpose having a strong amateur nine, to give visiting clubs a chance to test their strength.

A MATCH GAME was played on the 19th ult., at New Orleans, La., between the Pelican and Magnolia clubs, the former winning by a count of 55 to 8.

GENEROUS INDEED!—The venerable Peter Cooper, one of New York's self made men, completed his eightieth year on Feb. 12th, which he in part celebrated by donating an additional $150,000 to the Cooper Union funds toward procuring a reference and lending library for the use of *all classes of workingmen and mechanics of this city.* A more generous gift, more wisely invested, could hardly be thought of. May this liberal and wise octogenarian live to be a centenarian at least.

COINCIDENCES.—George HAZARD was born in South Kingston, Rhode Island, on March 3d, 1737. Thomas H. Hazard, the eldest son of George, was born at the same place on March 3d, 1765. Sylvester R. Hazard, the eldest son of Thomas, was born at the same place on March 3d, 1793. Christopher G. C. Hazard, the eldest son of Sylvester, was born at Newport, Rhode Island, on March 3d, 1818.

PEDESTRIANISM.

SNOW-SHOE RACING IN CANADA.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MONTREAL CLUB.

After one postponement, caused by a rain storm on Feb. 18th, the annual races of the Montreal Snow Shoe Club came off under most favorable auspices, on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22d, about eight hundred spectators passing through the gates, very many of whom were ladies, they seeming to take greater interest in the sport since the formation of several Amazon clubs. The track was in first rate order, and the weather just what was wanted. The course laid out was the same as at the Grand Trunk Races, a quarter of a mile, and followed about the same line.

The first race on the programme was an Indian race of

FOUR MILES,

for prizes of $20, $10, and $5, according to the advertisement, but it was so arranged by the club that every man who ran his four miles out should receive something, the smallest prize being more than equal to the entrance fee. This was done by the club in order to try and get a good field, but they only succeeded in getting four competitors beside Keraronwe and Daillebout, no one caring to try against them. The start was made on pretty even terms, all six getting away very nicely together, and as soon as the first rush was over Keraronwe appeared in front, closely followed by Daillebout, who kept Keraronwe well up to his running all through the race and gave him a good, sharp brush in the first quarter and passed him in the fourth quarter. Daillebout then led until the home stretch for the fifth quarter, when Keraronwe put on a spurt and after a short struggle came in the first runner, a position he never lost again. From this point there was no doubt as to the result, altho' Daillebout managed to keep pretty close behind, and after a first rate race Keraronwe rushed in winner in 34 min. 4 sec., with Daillebout scarcely ten yards behind, and Thomas Hughes the third, the rear, all the rest having dropped out. The time was as follows:—

1st quarter	7:15	9th quarter	7:33
2d quarter	7:37	10th quarter	7:23
3d quarter	7:34½	11th quarter	7:22
4th quarter	7:34½	12th quarter	7:26
5th quarter	7:29½	13th quarter	7:39
6th quarter	7:30½	14th quarter	7:33
7th quarter	7:30	15th quarter	7:25
8th quarter	7:31	16th quarter	7:33

4 miles, 34:4.

THE HURDLE RACE,

120yds, in heats, for a gold medal, proved rather a tame affair, although the entries promised quite a lively race. H. W. Beckett, F. O. Wood, D. E. Bowie, F. Murphy and J. D. Armstrong, entered, but only Beckett and Wood came to the scratch. Frank had no idea of winning, and scarcely jumped over the hurdles in the first heat, and left Beckett alone to win in 12¾ and 17sec. Nearly all the entries in this race were entered for the 100yds. dash and quarter mile heats, and were saving themselves for those races. A grand shake up and a gradual thinner down announced that the "big thing" of the day was coming on; this was the second heat for the

COBEN AND LOPEZ PIPE,

and as the first heat was won on Saturday week by the "dark horse" Mudge, opinions varied very much as to whether or not he could hold his advantage. A very good start was effected, and Mudge went at once to the front, Brand following close on his heels, Scholes third, and Boyle bringing up the rear. These were all that started. The first round was unaltered in position until about half over, where Brand cut Mudge down, and they passed the stand in 1:14, in the following order:—Brand, Boyle, Scholes, Mudge. There were several good brushes in this quarter. In the second quarter, about half way around, Scholes cut down Boyle and made for Brand, and after a good brush let in in 1:25½, Brand close on and Mudge and Boyle some distance behind. The third quarter passed without event, except that Mudge took third place instead of Boyle; time, 1:33½. During the fourth quarter Brand gradually crept up to Scholes, and as they turned into the home-stretch it was hard to tell who was leading, but Scholes forged ahead and came in a winner by about 10ft. in 1:27¾ for the heat, making 3:52½ for the race. For

THE BOYS' RACE,

¼ of a mile, there were 20 entries, but only 10 youngsters came to the scratch. A very fair start was effected, but one little fellow got knocked down, and after a pretty good race Farmer came in a winner in ahead in 1:23¾; Kay, 2d; Guoin, 3d, and C. Lindsay, 4th. As soon as Lindsay could gain breath enough, he entered a vigorous protest, saying—"A big boy knocked me down and ran all over me." But it did not avail and Farmer was declared the winner. For

THE HALF MILE (GREEN) RACE

there were 21 entries, and it was thought best to start them in two lots and let the winners run off. Nine were in the first lime, and Scholes came in winner in 2:32. Six started for the second lot, but Somerville cut out the running at a pretty sharp pace, and after the first round (¼) all the rest dropped out, and he ran in easy in 3:12. The next race intervened before the tie was run off between Scholes and Sommerville, and when it was done Sommerville led for a short while on the first quarter, but as soon as Scholes pressed and passed him he gave up, and Scholes ran on alone, 3:33.

THE CLUB RACE,

two miles, for a very handsome cup, brought out two competitors, Rose, Skelton and Struthers backing out and leaving the field to Klasock and Alexander. This was Klasock's race from the start, and he won it easy in 12:36¼. The

100 YARDS DASH—IN HEATS,

for a gold medal, brought out a good field; H. W. Beckett, H. G. Young, F. O. Wood, J. D. Armstrong, D. E. Bowie, F. Murphy and J. Fay. The first heat was won by Armstrong in 11¾ secs., Wood so close on him that it was hard to tell until the scarf was knocked down when he ahead; Young a good third. Wood unfortunately hurt his foot in this heat and did not start again, and the second heat Armstrong made a bad start and Young led for about 30 yards, with Bowie close behind him, who passed him within 30 yards of the winning post and was in front a good length in winner in 24 min. 4 sec., with Daillebout scarcely ten yards behind, and Thomas Hughes the rear, all the rest having dropped out. The time was as follows:—

1st quarter	1:15	9th quarter	1:33
2d quarter	1:37	10th quarter	1:23
3d quarter	1:24¾	11th quarter	1:22
4th quarter	1:34½	12th quarter	1:26
5th quarter	1:29¾	13th quarter	1:39
6th quarter	1:30¾	14th quarter	1:33
7th quarter	1:30	15th quarter	1:25
8th quarter	1:31	16th quarter	1:33

4 miles, 34:4.

THE HURDLE RACE,

for $10, 120 yards over 4 hurdles, was a very pretty one. The entries were D. R. Hurtubise, J. D. Armstrong, H. W. Beckett, F. O. Wood and D. E. Bowie. The men all appeared and a good start was made, Armstrong taking the lead, Bowie close behind him. Wood fell on the first hurdle, which spoiled his chance for the heat. In the second heat Wood got away sharp on time and rushed to the front, but was immediately challenged by Beckett, and the men cleared the three last hurdles together and made a dead heat of it. Armstrong slipped and tipped over on his hands and knees after clearing the last hurdle; he was up and off again in a second, but too late to do more than make a good dash for second place; time 15 seconds. Third heat.—Armstrong took the lead and kept it to the end, coming in winner of the heat and race in 15 seconds. Next came

THE PIPE RACE,

one mile, for a splendid meerschaum pipe, presented by Cohen & Lopez, valued at $30. The entries were J. H. Brindley, J. M. Rose, R. O. Skelton, J. H. Scholes, R. H. Brand, E. W. Mudge, W. Harper and C. Boyle. Harper and Boyle were the favorites, although others were spoken of for first place, and it was evident the race would be a long and well contested one. At the flash of the pistol the contestants sprang out, Brand taking the lead, hotly pursued by Harper, who passed him near the turn into the home-stretch and led past the judges' stand in 1:15½ for first quarter. Harper kept his lead, closely waited on by Brand and Mudge, and in that order they passed the stand for second and third quarters; time, 1:35½ and 1:35. Now everybody took a long breath and watched with intense interest the final quarter; about half way round Boyle put on a good spurt and, cutting down Brindley, made a plucky effort, but his two mile race had evidently told too much on him and he had to be contented with running for fourth place, which he held. Just at the turn into the home stretch Harper, who was leading splendidly, suddenly gave up, his toe having got over the cross-bar of his snow-shoe, and after running a few yards with it that way he was obliged to drop out. The race now grew more exciting than ever. Brand was leading by a gap of five or six yards between him and Mudge, when at

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of the same in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Mrs. Fleming
Abrahams, Emma V.
Brusch, Amelia
Berry, Theresa
Bastian, Marie
Bowne, Dora
Day, Ann (2)
Estella, Kate
Fagan, Miss H. W.
Eldridge, Sallie
Emmett, Kate
Elwood, Annie
Elsworth, Anna
Estelle, Mary
Fay, Ida
Freeman Sisters,
Grinnell, Addie
Godfrey, Nellie
Galton, Mrs. M. A.
Hughes, Jennie
Heathcote, Kate
Harland, Mrs.
Jerseus, M'lle (2)
Kenneck, Albertina
Lawrence, Ada
Lawrence, Mrs. Jas.
Levering, Anna M.
Moore, Carrie A. (2)
McClellan, Jennie (2)
Myers, Fay
Meimer, Fawcie
Morrell, Grisale
Mack, Mrs.
Nichols, Maggie (2)
O'Neil, Hattie
O'Neil, Kathleen
Partington, Mary
Preston, Edith
Pierson, Fannie
Peterson, Louise
Robinson, Julia (3)
Rinehart, Mrs. Sam'l
Rogers, Cleopatra
Spaulding, George D.
Scofield, Imogene
Swann, Anna H.
Stone, Amy
Sharpe, Katie
Seumer, Mrs.
Turnour, M'lle
Warner, Selina
Williams, Alice E. 10c.
Wray, Ada
Weber, Lisa
Zoe, M'lle

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Armstrong, Jas.
Aiken, A. W.
Abdallah, Ali Ben
Andrews, Billy
Armory, C.
Armstrong Bros.
Armstrong, Geo. F.
Adams, E.
Abbott, C.
Burel, R. C.
Berrell, C. Barton
Brown, Harry
Buckley, Harry
Barbour, W. W. 3c.
Bristle, J. B.
Bennell, J. H.
Bidaux, Gustave (3)
Brown, Ben
Byron, G. D.
Beswick, Rich'd
Brown, John
Buckholts, Rich'd
Berry, J. S.
Butler, Thos.
Buchanan, McKean
Bruce, Jno. F.
Bowyer, W. L.
Brown, Wm. C.
Camp, W. C.
Cullen, Andrew
Colins, Add
Campbell, Frank
Carner, J. W.
Collins, Add
Cole, Willis
Cobbs, Geo.
Cambridge, A. G.
Clifford, Harry
Campbell, Frank
Case, F. J.
Carroll, W. B. (3)
Cincinnatia
Clifford, Edwin
Clark, Harry
Cole, Geo. C.
Dowland, E. (2)
De Haven, Claude
De Forrest, Geo. (2)
Dougherty, M. C.
Dainmer, Frank
Denton, Jno. F.
De Solis, Maurice
Devine, Sam
Dahle, Geo.
Emmett, Frank
Emerson, Jas.
Enochs, Harry
Fleury, Fernando
Fish, Jas.
Forepaugh, A.
Fielding, John
Franks, Sidney (4)
Forrester, Nick (3)
Fox, Eddy
Fenney, James
Firth, Edwin
Fenselle, C.
Fogo, A. C. (3)
Fiske, Jno. Jr.'
Franck, C. Harry
Gorman, Dick
Gotthold, E. M.
Gaylord, Low (2)
Goldie, Geo.
Gurr, Harry (6)
Heinrich, Ferd.
Hann, Thos. R.
Harrison, W. B.
Hudson, Geo. B.
Howard, C. B.
Hannan, Dick
Hill, W. W.
Haskins, Chas. A.
Hibbins, Mr.
Hall, E. S.
Hart, Tony
Horton, Oscar
Hardy, E. F.
Johnson, J. P. 3c.
Johnson, J.
Johnson, Geo.
Johnson, Hy. H.
Knowlton, Chas.
Kay, J. R.
Kenney, J. C.
Leavitt, M. B. (3)
Lubin, Jerome
Lindley, Rich'd A.
Lavate, Wm. K. (2)
Lawler, W. C.
Leavitt, N. W.
Lake's Circus,
Lingard, Jno. Horace
Lindley, Henry
Murray, Jno. H.
Mattis, Alfred
Metcalf, Jas. (2)
McVeigh, Johnny
MacAllister, Billy
Melville, Dick
Milburn, J. H.
Milner, R. H.
Maguire, Jas.
Mairs, Jos.
Murray, John
Milton, S. W.
Montewerdie, Sig.
Monk, Jno. A.
Mack, Joe
McGill, Wm.
Maeder, Fred. G.
Mortimer, Jno. R.
Monnett, L. D.
Minkin, Geo. W.
Mills, W. J.
Mudge, Hank
Mallin, A. W.
Naylor, W. H.
Neville, Clarence (3)
Noyes, C. W.
O'Brien, Jno.
Oughton, W. A.
Pierce & McNary,
Percy, Bob's (2)
Pike, L. E.
Paine, Ira A.
Pratt, Fred C.
Parker, Ned
Quilter, Dick
Quick, Fred.
Rainford, Milton
Rivers, R.
Reeston, Frank
Robinson, Yankee
Rutledge, Paul 3c.
Rice, Dan (2)
Robinson, Jno. R.
Riches, Geo. (2)
Rouse, W. A.
Robinson, Jno. W.
Robinson, Jas.
Rivers, Frank (2)
Stowe, John
Stanwood, Harry (3)
Stowe, Mr. (2)
Sharpley, Sam
Smith, Avery
Sidman, Clark
Stewart, Geo. W.
Stiles, Jno. J.
Schofield, Jno. B.
Sexton, M. C.
Smith, H. W. A.
Sheppard, Wm.
Salisbury, Hop.
Storey, W. H.
St. Leon, Harry (2)
Sanrash, Sam
Smith, F. O.
Seeley, Charley
Sheridan, Tommy
Sawtell, Geo. W.
Tweedy, Jas. (2)
Tannenbaum, J. (2)
Thayer, J. L.
Thomas, Jas.
Turnour, Alfred 10c.
Townsend, M. L.
Varney, Fred H.
Vanburgh's Circus
Vokes, Prof. S. D.
Vail, Charley (6)
Ward, Jas. R.
Wagner, C.
Wardey, Chas.
Washburn, Willie
Wessel, Geo.
Washburn, L. W. (2)
Whitney, Chas.
Witham, Fred. A. (2)
Williams, Geo. A.
Whitcomb, A. W.
Williams & Mankin(2)
Ward, Billy
Willis, Sir Ed.
White, Lewis R.
Ward, Wm.

Songs for the People.

LULU DARLING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Down by the stile I'm waiting, Lulu Darling;
Linger not, hasten to meet me, my love;
Come with your smile, e'er so bright, Lulu Darling,
Long I've been waiting far down in the lane.
Golden bright sunbeams now flit through the leadeta,
Fairy like shadows they seem to the sight—
Happiest birds are now singing their carols—
Hasten, my lovred one, I've something to tell.
Chorus.—Come in your beauty and pride, Lulu Darling,
Dawn on me now, with your beautiful smile;
Linger not, haste to my side, Lula Darling,
Under the shadows, just down by the stile.

Have you forgotten the vows, Lulu Darling,
Promises made on that sweet summer day
Under the shade of the boughs, Lulu Darling,
Down in the dell, where we used to meet and stand.
E'er since that time I've been waiting and wishing,
Longing to see your sweet face on me smile,
Wond'ring if ever again you would meet me
Under the shadows, just down by the stile.
Chorus.—Come in your beauty and pride, Lulu Darling,

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Feb. 27th, '71.

FEBRUARY, the closing month of winter, is "passing AWAY, passing away." February's reputation is chiefly based upon the fact that of days it "has but twenty-eight in fine till leap year gives it twenty-nine;" and as leap year failed to come to time this time, the month just closing goes out in a legitimate manner, and preserves us from the persecutions to which we otherwise would have been subjected at the hands of designing and uncompromising woman. And yet we admire the sex in their natural state, untrammeled by trowsers and other habilliments of the sterner party which the advocates of woman's rights would seek to envelope them in. Love dwells in the breast of every animated being; even "Our Jim," with his wild and untutored nature, has a bias towards "gurls." Looking over his private drawer the other day in a very clandestine and diabolical manner, we came across the appended lines, addressed

TU ADOORABBL MARIER.

Cum to mi grave wen the willige bel
Shil make the dien daze farewel;
Cum wen the sunbemes richist blume
Shil shed his luster ore mi tume;
Wen the lo wiatlin winds mi reekquieme shill be,
Then cum to mi grave, luv, and there think of me.
FROM YOUR JIM.

.....The week went out without giving us much to commend except the grand performance of Richelieu by Edwin Forrest, who in this character stands without a successful rival. The selection of this play which has never been a favorite with play-goers, and the poor support accorded the great tragedian, have served to detract to say.....Lenten success of the enterprise, we regret are gradually moving in red on the 22d of Feb., and we unto others, probably, as we would pious grocer, "doing us." But as I bless your poor and lowly coffers do unto we are just as worldly and sinful, in reality, as we ever were. We are preparing for a season of startling and gorgeous effects in the theatrical firmament—such as we son Daly's new "*Horizon*" for the Olympic, while each sister city has *her eyes on* it, seeking to secure a copy as soon as its light illumes the Broadway slope. Manager Wheatley got *rich at first* with "The Black Crook," Palmer & Jarrett *rich at second* sight of the brilliant spectacle, while the same gentlemen will soon get "*Richard Third*" before the public at Niblo's Garden, with an actor in the leading *role* who has oft *Bennett* before. [Parties not able to discover our little jokes will have their money returned to them at the ticket office.—ED. CLIP.] Laura Keene, who has played *Mary Leigh* so *merrily* as to save more than *two lives* of people in the dumps, has *Hunted Down* most of the loose stamps in the public's pockets, and will soon *leave us* for *greener* pastures; while *Lingard* will *hasten* to take her place. At the Grand Opera House, Manager Fisk will *lay himself out to Lay Georgie In.* [Pun on a new piece called "La Georgienne"—it is not really necessary to point out this joke to *clever* people.—ED. CLIP.] Some-body says that Fisk offered Patti the *sum* of two thousand dollars per night to sing at his house, but *she* said it was incompat*tible* with her engagements. At the Fifth Avenue, "Saratoga" seems to be the *toga* that people most delight in *Rome*-ing to, yet we are promised "Jessebel," and the "Mystery of Edwin Drood," the latter with an original ending. ["Our Jim" says this will draw, as it has *Drood* already.] It is to be hoped that the forthcoming "new novelties" may prove to be of vast benefit to our enterprising managers, who are ever ready to cater for the benedt of their patrons in a most liberal manner. And talking of benefits, let us give you a few poetic thoughts

ABOUT BENEFITS.

The benefits of benefits
Oft make an actor cross,
For what's done for his benefit
Sometimes proves but his loss;
Now this is queer, and sounds as though
It had a thing in it,
Though at his "ben." an actor loss,
He always pays expenses.

Though for the army he don't care,
An actor greatly fears
His benefit won't pay if he
Don't get some subscribers,
And his own words seem as if he
A falsehood press intended:
He'll not hang up for any one,
Yet *free lists are suspended!*

There's one thing in these benefits
That may seem very bad—
The fakes may not add to their pay,
But they must pay to ad;
And there's another thing in them
That's very much to the point queer:
One may pay all expenses and
Yet get but one-third clear.

When men are going to have a ben.
It seems to us quite fit
That they should hope to money make
By making a great bill;
But this we hope, that each one may
Or increase have to day,
And heaps of bills, but not play-bills,
A "truly grand array."

.....Sympathetic reader, did you ever have a private box? No! we don't mean with the *glores*, although no one would look well in a private box *without* the gloves. What we mean is the private box of a theatre, you will observe. Shall we *ever* forget the night we took a box for *her*, all for to see the show? There were two of us, as the lamented Dickens says, in "Our Mutual Friend," and *she* was the other. We were "two souls with but a single thought," perhaps, but "two hearts that beat as one." We don't remember much about the play. Didn't we *see* it? Not much. *She* was far more attractive than the play; such a time as we had between the acts, with no one to look upon us *or* to interrupt the gushing of youth and innocence, and the free interchange of those courtesies inherent in our passionate nature, cannot be expressed on paper, dear, dear will those days but come again, when the pelucid rivulet of tender sweetness shall——we really have lost our idea. *Excuses moi*, dear reader—more anon. But we have grown older since then—we have learned to look with an unprejudiced eye upon the realities and artificialities of this life—we make love upon a different system, and when we now enter a private box, we know all that is going on around us—we take stock of the unfortunate people who have no private box, sympathize with them in their deep distress, and would gather them in if the rules did not forbid, it is thought. But, gentle, or ungentle, reader, as the case may be, let us talk to you like a father; let us advise you, and say to you that if you have a pretty young lady with you, and "don't care a cuss" for the show, by all means engage a private box; but if you have got over that sort of thing—if you have seen the folly of your past evil course—if your head is on the square, and you desire to enjoy the play—then, in all sincerity let us say to you, avoid a private box as you would avoid an Irish stew in a cheap eating-house, and we'll tell you what, in our mature years, we think about the play as seen from

THE PRIVATE BOX.

We do not like a private box,
Because it is the means
Of letting us through all the show
See right behind the scenes;
The curtain down, the stage looks calm
Except to us, who see
The carpenters and prompter, too,
All rushing hurriedly.

We lose the joyful greeting of
The comic, when he enters,
Because we've seen him standing a
Long time near the "tormentors;"
We lose the rest with which he says
Of some one:—"He's decamping"—
We know the man's pot running, low
We *see the jollopter* stamping.

We miss the splendid exit of
Some lady in a rage,
Because we see her raise her skirts
As she goes off the stage;
We don't enjoy the climax 'cause
When near we soon can tell,
As from the box we can't help see
The prompter ring "first bell."

We see the *fussy* man look *glum*,
The *dumb* girl see her *cousin*,
We see the *gentleman* in front,
And see the *old grow young*;
They are so different from their parts,
We come to this conclusion:—
A private box we'll spoil a play
By spoiling its illusion.

.....We have just received another epistle from "Truthful James," or, rather, from "*Our Jim*." Matters do not appear to have run smoothly with him of late, but we will let him give in his own experience in his own peculiar manner:—

MY HOUSE. Feb. the 21d.

DERE BOSS.—We air heer in da, but were to-morrer? as the bluddy dook of Gloster ses in his sollilyquese the nite atore the battil of Bosworth field; and in the wel-nean langwidg of anuther baithy tyemost, "I'me tierd and I'me sleyy to—put me into mi litel bed." The publix ma think it mity funny that we shood be a runnin of a sho, under tent, in the ded of winter, but there is sum pepli hoos gredyness noboddy can't understand. Wen I hired with this heer "Waregated Sho" I see in the purpistes, ses I:—"Yu haint a goin' to start out afore Aprile, *air yu?*" "Wi not?" ses he. "It's in cold," ses I. "If the pepli kin stand it we kin," ses he. "But the pepli can't stand it—think freze," ses I. "That's *there* look out," ses he; "we take there munney and git em a sho—we don't purtend to go no farther than that in our contrax—if the freze it's nuthin' to us; we dosnt contrax to thor em out, nyther do we pint out ta em the cold nacher of a tent she in the winter season." "But our beens and nither perforain pepli," ses I, "wount be abil in go thru thare feets; yu can't speck the latin bysener to be werry jowcell wen his jors is a moast frose orf of him, kin yu?" "I've heerd sunt," ses he; "the sho gose out if it kils every dam animile in the konsern, for time bound to be shod of orf ther shoes;" so we started her wen the sno was in foots thik on a avrig. He puts me in mind of sum anespeper fokes—there so gredy an selfish that the alwase wants to git shed of others—the dosnt keer how falts there reports is so that there shed; and wen the git shed it, how 'em a hole yere in corrax the erors and lise in thare reports, so that the publix and pepil air disgusted with thare faitsnis, and dosnt hav no nder layth into it than tha wood into a plate of Missers Glurver's hash, which is a mixcher of the from senter to surkumfurrens, in spys in a milde wa.

Wen the Waregated left Jursy, in hoom there haint no seats, our own in a variety of corses, we slered our bark for Erie's lis. Fur Erie is one hoss, as fur as we went, thru Nu York cuntry; we dint cut givin a sho, not wishin to conflix with Mister Lent, bewixt hoom and our konsurn ori is trankwill, likewise peese. We didnt wish to spoil his sesin, hents our magnanermusness and forbearin mindfulness, for which Mr Lent will probbly put into your Chirrs a wote of thanx, also a corrobberashin of the same sined by every dam member of his trupe, wich wil at wonst sho of what a nasellshnis kompersashin the Waregated is made of, no doubt. *Ses sigmum*, wich ma mean wen thing as wel as another for or I no.

We shode ori along the river towns with unsurin success, it wood appeer, smix the sez and lee and wether and nither seson, this alermists wus ori apon us. We had such fritful coldness that fu pepli keered in wencher into our tent, heted as she wus bi steme and nther firewurz, and we plade it fashisht ordlesses, but we wus afraid of ori uthers, yu will see, which wer our objekt in pint; yit, in the hite of this unprosperus condishin of amusements, *the hole she struk fur hier supos*, wich was the most fulishist thing yu ever heerd of, I guess, cass no uther konsurn wus out, and there wus no uther sho for our pepil if thai let at yu if ordenly understand. I struk with em, I want yu in no, as I wus jist as gez fur more saleres as the uthers, more aspesshly as I was thretned with instint death if I refused in jine the ranx, so I jined, and went into it cold as a stone, and I tel yu I wus in, I dont no how I dun it, put his awl into this wencher, and as we wus cut orf from communicashin with the outside wurld, he coodint git no uther atraxshins, so he was compeld to giv in, wich shose wot a unlikli boddy kin do if the kep together under shrot of deth.

We had shone 4 dase and 4 nites in Pokspesy, and munny was goin out like fie from the widder's cruse—the purpryerur semed in a agginisin stait of mind; evrytiing went rong with him, the laffin hyener and the fritful yerkynde got in his fase, he cood'nt bite about there grub, and made sich a rackit that ori hands of us wus tuck up and put into prissin, wich wus as cold and desseriate as plais; he had to bale us orf out or no sho. Next, the hoil we stopt at seased to be, owin to hi prise of Coke and the hi unnerjetick appetites of his gests. I pitieed the boss, it is most likely, but as he wood be shed he haddint no possess but hisself to blame. Its alwase the darkist jist afore dafnis, sez a grate observer of yumin nacher, and it wus jist so with us, for fu days we wus in it, jist as we wus gittin reddy in levé fur Kannerder, the grateful and cherin nuse of the calamity at this place reched us. It is a tru bill and wen wun man's meate is anuther man's pisin; or, in put in a fu dronge lie, its so fi wind wich dosnt blo nobodie no good. The bosses fae lited up like a ful mune, his fase blumed with a enthoosens I haven seen equild. "Boys," ses the degraded man, in the fulnis of his wyverbearsans as he red aloud the nuse, "here's a lusky go fur the Waregated—dredful ralerode acksident, hundreds kild and thousands wounded—fereful slorter. Up stakes at wonst and strike fur Nu Hiumbug. The place wil be alive with fokes in as the ded corpses. Hurry up, every *man of yu*." And we made old Pokseepy stand around, or bettir bleeve. We wus the fust in reech the sene of disaster, or clamity, and we pitchi our tent rite awa close in the acksident, with our flags a flyin and our sircusis a doin, in the brest and me a standin on in a big bogshed a blowin about the merackerless nacher of our abo contrazted with the paneful exerbishin made by our nabers of the Hudson Rivver Ralerode Kumpenny. I dwelt on tu the encromancers of the ralerode inifinity, of thare dirrysyfulness of human life, and in a affectin tone pinted in the bludty trax of the rale rode, and in the weepin rellerivs and frens of the descest, left without no sine. I ceried upon the pepil in awenge this dredful rong—I ceried upon in in look upon the mangled sene, with its ded and its dyin, and then wisit the homes of the direcktirs of this bludthursty rale rode, and se em a layin orf in thare freskode parlers, sin and a drinkin turist sups and shampane wines, with thare wives and children gomanin themselves with carrymels and pomjoobe paist, and wollerin in sevry luxjury the Washinton market aforda. "But sauf of this strosbis sene," I repeted; "enuf of this bind—let us turn our thots to more pleasint subjex—here in this inaersent and yumane waregated sho yu behold ori that's pure and good and luvly; no rale rode clammerises here, fur we travvil by waggin—no deseast acksidents in our tent, but ori be life and joy and peese." The pepil set a mumin into Ki Hiumbug. "I'll gi 1,000"—the wood jist look at the acksident—then the wood gil sick at there stummick, and turn in the waregated "with feelins yu can't understand." "Fifty sens and children half price," I cride; "now is yure chans in shui, that fereful site," and tha pored into our sho like Prushins into Parris. Evrybodly fur hunderds of miles round cum in the acksident, and we took em in like tha wus homeless orfins in Hiumbug swarmed with curesosity sekers—in made a holleris of this fritful clamity; tha brort fun and made at ori site, menny of em lodgin in our canvas at 50 sents a hed—mornin broke and found uther thousands sekin the acksident, and fetchin up in our sho; yu never sor enything like it in yure life; we gin 5 shose every da durin the nine daze of this dredful wunder, and then seast from our labers.

POSKEEP.—We've jist herd of another acksident on this atrokshis rode, and the waregated is goin' for it. We say struck a breed of rub, and the waregated is the wun to rub it out. This is the best clamity ralerode in the Yunited States, and we shil foller it up; we have made a contrax, and skured the sole right to sho at ori disasters on this chereful rode, wich will give us eazi 6 or 7 a year, you bet

Engagements made by Mr. Robson's business manager, Mr. John T. Donnelly, contributing no small share to this success..... Lotta opens at this theatre on the 27th, in the protean drama of "The Little Detective," supported by Mr. H. Crisp—his first appearance in four weeks..... Miss Alice Placide will make her first appearance this season, on Washington's birthday, at this theatre, in the role of Mrs. Chas. F. Maeder, made her debut on the 20th, at which time and created a very favorable impression in the burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan." Mr. S. W. Ashley also made his first appearance at this theatre, and his excellent burlesque singing was much applauded.

THE ATTRACTIONS AT FOX'S new American Theatre, Philadelphia, during the past week, was very large, this popular and well conducted establishment presenting attractions which included freshness, novelty and variety. The new stars during the week were Cool Burgess, the Ethiopian comedian; Andy Hughes, club-swinger, and Lozado, the juggler. Cool Burgess appeared in his specialties and made a great hit, he possessing a goodly amount of comic humor and the requisite blending of fancied shrewdness and real simplicity that gives point to his sayings and songs. Andy Hughes gave an excellent act with the Indian clubs and displayed much dexterity and grace therein. Lozado, the juggler, who made his first appearance in that city, does a very fair act, introducing some novel feats in juggling and balancing, the latter especially being very good. Charlie Howard appeared in his specialty of "Old Uncle Eph," in which he displayed much talent as a delineator of an aged darkey. J. H. Milburn gave selections from his comic vocal budget, his excellent voice and wonderful powers of mimicry earning him well merited applause. The *ballet* of "The Seven Passions" has proved very successful, Mlle. De Ross taking the most conspicuous part therein. Her dancing is replete with ease and grace, and is alternately marked by the strongest and quietest and the actively displayed. Mlle. Venturelli, the other leading *danseuse*, closed her engagement at this theatre on the 18th inst. A new trick pantomime entitled, "Jack and the Beanstalk," concluded the entertainment, the comic humor of Mons. Alex. Zanfretta, as the Clown, causing considerable mirth. Mr. J. H. Milburn, the comic vocalist, and the Leopolds, gymnasts, concluded their engagements here on the 25th ult. Miss Ella Wesner, the prolean vocalist, and the Foresqugh Brothers, gymnasts, are announced to appear on the 27th, in addition to the already large company engaged.

MR. EDWIN ADAMS commenced a brief engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Feb. 20th, opening in the drama of the "Dead Heart," and the house was well filled in every part. The drama was well put upon the stage, the stirring incidents of the revolution, and the capture of the Bastile by the wild and infuriated mob, being well depicted. The "Dead Heart" was repeated on Tuesday evening and at the *matinee* on Washington's birthday, the evening of that day being devoted to the representation of "Narcissa the Vagrant," in which Mr. Adams sustained the principal character. On Thursday, the 23d, Mr. Adams personated Raphael, in the romantic drama of the "Sculptor's Dream; or, the Marble Heart." On Friday evening, the 24th, Mr. A. produced for his benefit, a drama entitled "Honor," said to have been expressly written for him by John Brougham. This drama was originally produced by John Brougham, at Astley's, London, in the year 1863, and then was called "The Might of Right; or, the Soul of Honor," Mr. Adams sustains three characters, two brothers and a gipsey, giving each a peculiar and distinctive impersonation and displaying great versatility in so doing. The drama of the "Marble Heart" was played at the *matinee* on the 25th, and in the evening, the last of Mr. Adams' engagement, the programme consisted of the second representation of "Honor," in connection with the drama of the "Drunkard," in which Mr. Adams credibly sustained these characters of Edward Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams open at this theatre on the 27th, in the drama of the "Fairy Circle," and the comedy of the "Custom of the Country."

LAST WEEK witnessed the revival of the legitimate drama at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and the perfect manner in which the different pieces were rendered by Mr. E. L. Davenport and his company furnished a rare dramatic treat, which attracted large audiences. On Monday evening, 20th, Mr. E. L. Davenport gave his masterly impersonation of "Hamlet," delivering with admirable effect the moralizing speeches of the youthful cynic. On Tuesday and Friday evenings, and at the *matinees* on Saturday, the 25th, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" attracted excellent houses. On Washington's birthday the programme consisted of the drama of "Black Eyed Susan," the farce of "The Dead Shot" and the drama of "Blanche of Brandywine." The benefit of Mr. Chas. R. Thorne, Jr., on the evening of the 23d of Feb., was well attended, Mr. Thorne giving an admirable impersonation of Raphael in "The Marble Heart." On Saturday, the 25th, another large house rewarded Messrs. A. Roberts and Philip A. Vornees, doorkeeper and special officer of this theatre, the programme being "Wild Oats" and "The Robbers." During the present week the play of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," having proved so attractive, will be repeated on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

AMUSEMENTS IN CHICAGO, ILL., are commented upon as follows by our correspondent, who dates his letter Feb. 23d:—"John Dillon put in an appearance at Aiken's Museum on Monday evening last and assumed the *role* of A Party by the name of Johnson, in the "Lancashire Lass." This was his first appearance at this theatre—his first love—for some two years, it was expected he would put forth every effort to retrieve his former faults, but sad to say, he did not respect himself, his manager, the company or his numerous friends in the auditorium. His acting was disgraceful. He managed with great difficulty to get through his part and solemnly promised to do better the following evening, but he was even worse than on the first evening. Manager Aiken very wisely withdrew his engagement after the second night. Mr. Dillon was once the most popular actor in Chicago. The attendance was very large Monday and Tuesday evenings and very fair last evening. The play was produced in a creditable shape as regards scenic effects and the acting was up to the usual standard. The same play will hold the boards the balance of the week, with Padgett as the Party by the Name of Johnson. .....Miss Lucille Western, having quite recovered from her throat difficulties, commenced a one week's engagement at McVicker's Theatre on the 20th and appeared as Lady Isabel and Adrienne Vane in the three-act drama of Lynne' was repeated Tuesday evening and 'Oliver Twist' Wednesday and thus evening. 'East Lynne' is announced for the 24th and the *matinees* on the 25th; 'The Child Stealer' Saturday night. Miss Western will be succeeded by Chas. Fechter and Miss Leclercq on the 27th, opening in 'The Lady of Lyons.' Business has been quite good during the week. A serious accident occurred to Joseph Wheelock, leading man at McVicker's, on Saturday afternoon last, which came near proving fatal. While playing in 'Nick of the Woods,' he was unfortunately precipitated to the stage, a distance of some fifteen feet, and was badly, though not dangerously hurt. He was picked up and taken off the stage in an insensible condition. He will not be able to resume his duties for several days.....The attendance at the Crosby Opera House continues highly satisfactory, with Kate Fisher as the principal loadstone. She appeared the first two nights of the current week as Zamine in the 'Cataract of the Ganges' and as William in 'Black-Eyed Susan.' Mlle. Geraldine, a handsome, dashing and fearless little English blonde, fairly captivated the hearts of not a few of the sterner sex by her remarkable trapeze performance between the pieces. She also executed a dance, during the last piece, in a very neat and graceful manner. 'Putnam; or, The Iron Son of '76,' was presented for the first time here for the *matinee* and evening's performance yesterday and to-night. It was brought out with entire new scenery, as fine as any yet seen at this theatre. Little Nell returns on the 27th for a season of six nights.....Crosby's Opera House is closed for the present."

CINCINNATI THEATRICALS, up to Feb. 24th, are given to the following effect by our correspondent:—"Charles Fechter opened at the National on Tuesday in 'Ruy Blas,' to a comfortably full, though not crowded house. However, as the admission was $1.50 and the secured seats $2, this must have answered very well. The 'Lady of Lyons' was given the following evening, and on the night (Thursday) 'Hamlet,' to-night the season is to close with 'Don Cæsar De Bazan,' and Tom Taylor's 'Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.' Mr. Fechter has succeeded much better in this city than I had anticipated, after noticing his receptions elsewhere. His success on the opening night was, to say the best, but doubtful. His voice, though clear, is pitched too high for the general notion of what a Hungarian should possess, and his peculiar method of intoning, which plainly reveals the foreigner, is decidedly against him. He only made one or two faint hits throughout the evening and the audience was rather frigid and disappointed. The next night the house was much larger and his Claude Melnotte was an undoubted success. The scene in which Pauline is brought in Claude's cottage was finely rendered, and the heartrending applauded, although undoubtedly a good deal of the enthusiasm was due to Miss Leclerc's superb emotional acting. All in all, Mr. Fechter had reason to be proud of his effect on an audience of whom most came rather prejudiced against him. His Hamlet is difficult to decide upon and has elicited very widely different opinions. Some critics do not like certain points in his labors, stout figure being far from the 'mold of form,' and his face is too old and not particularly expressive. His reading, also, of the soliloquies is not good and he has a way of fairly shrieking at times. But there is something in his action which at least commands attention and respect, and he introduces many originalities into the character. One thing may be said for him in all his characters, that while he may not please, he does not shock the taste, like too many of our ranters. Carlotta Leclerq has made a brilliant and deserved hit. Her stage appearance, generally, when not viewed too critically through a glass, and her voice, while not naturally particularly sweet or strong, is exquisitely modulated. She depicts violent emotions, especially those of strong grief, in a manner I have never seen equalled. Frank Roche, the leading assistant of Mr. Fechter, is a nice reader, with a musical voice and fine presence. He acts well, but might do better if he would throw more expression into his face and enter more into the spirit of his characters. As a rule, he seems too cold, and to exhibit too little interest in his *roles*. Charles Le Clerq does his eccentric characters quietly and very fairly. Some of the stock company, as for instance, Messrs. Macauley, Burroughs, Forsberg and Charlotte Crampton, have rendered admirable support; others did passable only. Mrs. Laurens enacted the part of the king in 'Hamlet' anything but well. He reads Shakespeare badly, often giving the rising inflection so as to makes lines sound flippant and insignificant. He has a good voice and should do better. The plays have each been admirably put upon the stage, for which the management deserves credit.....At Wood's Theatre the Zavistowskis have drawn very good houses during their second week, notwithstanding Fechter's presence. They opened on Monday with the 'Ticket of Leave Man,' in which Miss Emeline played Sam with considerable spirit, and Alice made a pretty May Fielding, but the part is beyond her powers. The characters of Green Jones, Bob Brierly, Jem Dalton and Melter Moss were rendered acceptably by W. G. Crosbie, W. F. Burroughs, Harold Forsberg and W. T. Johnson. On Tuesday, 'Paris' was given for the first time in this city, preceded by the farce of 'My Neighbor's Wife.' Emeline made a natty Paris, and Mercury and Cupid were personated by Alice and Christine, with W. Crosbie as Mone, E. A. Locke as Castor, J. S. Marble as Pollux, and Augusta Chambers as Orion. The walk around, 'Let Me Be Free,' concludes the piece. 'Paris' will run the whole week. To-night (Friday) it will be followed by 'Pocahontas.' It is but fair to state here that some of the best burlesquing has been done by Messrs. Locke and Marble and Miss Chambers of the stock company. Mr. Crosbie, though a good comic actor and singer, is hardly up to the average of leading burlesque comedians. Miss Emeline will compare favorably with most of the blondes in appearance and style, but Alice is merely a pretty girl and fair singer. She does not act burlesque well. Christine is a splendid *danseuse*. Next (this) week Lucille Western commences an engagement. .....Sargent's Vandeville Company, reinforced by Gus Williams, in addition to those mentioned last week, played at the National on Monday evening, and then, during the Fechter nights, went to Louisville, where they have been exhibiting at Weisiger Hall. They will return here in time to give a matinee to-morrow (Saturday.) Several additions are to be made to the company next week, among whom are Emma Alford and sidney Franks. Charley Vivian, the popular vocalist, will wind up his long engagement next week.....A German theatre, said to be well patronized, is regularly open at Turner Hall, in the upper part of the city. They have been giving a drama called 'William Shakespeare' this week. The hero of this piece wrote some plays in English."

OF ABSENTEEISM IN SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., our correspondent, "Sir Toby," writing on Feb. 18th, furnishes us the following account:—"At the California Theatre 'Macaniello' is the reigning attraction. It was performed there the first time on Feb. 13th, with the following cast:—

Masaniello	John McCullough
Giuseppe	J. T. Raymond
Alfonso	James Carden
Duke	L. Le Clair
Magistrate	A. H. Stewart
Lorenzo	E. J. Buckley
Gonsalo	E. M. Thayer
Sergeant	T. Chapman
Pietro	A. W. Leach
Borello	W. A. Meatyer
Citizen	Edmund Leathes
Fenella	Mlle Morlacchi
Elvira	Miss May Howard
Bride	Rose Sherwell

The production is a result of the influence which a great success is sure to exert. 'Monte Cristo' was a great success, and all which made popular that brilliant romance has been introduced in 'Masaniello.' There is to be seen a wonderful prodigality of *ballet* dancing and scenic attraction; the dancing is often fine, the scenery always glowing; they do not lend splendor to the play, but, instead, act as a foil. The flimsiness of the piece, its maudlin treatment and the detirium of depicted tragical experience, all are tiresome. The weariness of spirit engendered thus is lightened by the brightness of the foil, and the spectator finds relief in the appearance of Mlle Morlacchi and her company of dancers. They appear in every act, and there are four acts to the play. Mlle Morlacchi takes part in three *ballets*, besides acting the part of the dumb girl. This means pretty hard work, and difficult, too; but the task was accomplished with credit. The time has gone by for making extended comment on Morlacchi as a dancer. It is pretty well known that her art is marked with delicacy and poetry, and of all schools of dancing the one she follows is most refined. As a pantomimist it is proper some remark should be made. This is the first time since leaving Europe she has appeared in this capacity. Her method, though quick and nervous, is graceful, and no difficulty is experienced in understanding what is sought to be expressed. The motion of her arms and the light of her eyes embody thoughts almost as clear as words represent speech. This is an attainment acquired not without difficulty, and one which Mlle. Morlacchi owes to the Italian masters, under whose tutelage she was placed at the age of five. Masaniello is an inferior character, but McCullough played it with much fire, and his raising it above the drama's level proved the sterling actor. Raymond improvised humor to lighten the piece; Carden was evidently unfavorably impressed with the weakness of his character, and Miss Howard did all possible in being statuesque and a wearer of fine clothes. Porter has painted many fine scenes, few better than the concluding one—the eruption of Vesuvius. It is managed with great effect, and the impression is grand, yet fearful. Our opinion ought to go for something; earthquakes here are not unfamiliar things. The attendance is large. 'Monte Cristo' will be revived on the 22d and 23d, and on the 24th 'The French Spy' will be acted for the farewell benefit of Morlacchi. On the 27th Miss Fanny D. Price will commence an engagement, appearing as Parthenon.... The event this week with the Minstrels at Maguire's, was the benefit on the 17th to the ballad singers, Wyndham Clarke and Con. T. Murphy. The house was crowded and the best of feeling existed. Mr. Clarke came out in a song alluding to Mr. Tom Maguire in friendly terms. The words, of his own composing, were to the air of 'Auld Lang Syne.' A sword dance by amateurs for a gold medal was a special attraction, if not one of the least interesting features. The entertainment concluded with the burlesque of 'Masaniello,' Emerson appearing as Elvira, Budworth as Fenella, De Angelis as Pete, Charley Rhoades as Joe, and Ainsley Scott as Masaniello. Although still enjoying a liberal patronage, next week is announced as the last week of the minstrels. Their withdrawal is to make an opening for the Gaiety Troupe, due here from New York in a few days. However, it is doubtful whether the minstrels leave San Francisco; there is a rumor to the effect that on closing at the Opera House they take possession of the Metropolitan. There is some likelihood in this, as Maguire, two or three weeks since, took out a lease for the latter theatre. .....Nothing has been going on lately at the Alhambra, but it is said that the drama will find a place there in the course of a week or so. Mr. C. L. Graves, I believe, proposes to open the theatre, and, for that repose, has engaged the appearance of the Carter Combination Troupe. This troupe arrived on the 16th by the overland route, and consists of the following performers:—Miss Carrie Carter, Miss Carrie Lipsis, Miss Emma Stone, W. J. Cogswell, J. W. Carter, Eugene Mallotte and E. B. Marden. 'East Lynne' and the 'Female Gambler' are among the pieces selected for early production..... The latest novelties at the Bella Union are various, consisting of a change act, 'Coming of dos Matinee,' by Dick Carroll; the Reynold Brothers in a new song and dance, written for them, entitled, 'She Loves Us Both So Well,' words by Con. T. Murphy, music by Geo. T. Evans; a jocky *ballet*, arranged by Nellie Leroy, and a burlesque on 'Masaniello.' In the burlesque Harry Courtaine appears as Masaniello, R. G. Marsh as Elvira and Minnie Corbyn as Alphonso.....The Hyer Sisters, two colored girls about the age of 12 and 14, said to be endowed with talent (unpolished at present) for music, give concerts at Platt's Hall on the 24th and 25th. The object of these concerts, and of others that have been given in several of the interior towns, is that the girls may be placed in a position to acquire the benefit of a sound musical education.....The third classical concert by the Musical Institute will take place on the 18th at Pacific Hall.....Mr. John Piper, manager of Piper's Opera House, Virginia, has been in town most of the week, peeping at Moriacchi and engaging talent for a prospective season at his theatre.....Charles Matthews was expected here in the latter part of January, but so successful were his engagements in the colonies that many of them are being repeated, and it will be impossible, he writes, to appear in San Francisco before May or June."

"SARATOGA" was presented at the Brooklyn Park Theatre during the past week, with new and attractive scenery and with a good cast, but with two exceptions the houses were only fair. As it pays, however, it is to be run for another week. Miss Minnie Conway is the star of the cast in "Saratoga," the character assigned her just suiting her style.

LESTER WALLACK appeared at the Brooklyn Academy on the night of Feb. 22d in "Faint Heart," &c. and "Used Up." He was greeted by the most crowded house of the season, standing room being at a premium when the ante-rooms were opened. The receipts exceeded $2,000.

MISS EFFIE GERMON, Fisher and Sol Smith were in the cast.

ARTISTS in every line of business and an advance agent are wanted for Lucy Rushton's dramatic company. Her address is in another column.

DAVIS AND CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., insert their card elsewhere, to which we refer our amusement readers.

MRS. JEAN LANDER has recently purchased a house in Washington, D. C., with the view of making that city in future her permanent residence.

THE WALLACE SISTERS closed a three nights' season in Oil City, Pa., Feb. 23d.

THE CHAPMAN SISTERS AND C. B. BISHOP'S BURLESQUE TROUPE is billed to perform in Norfolk, Va., four nights, commencing Feb. 27th.

E. W. BEATTIE, first old man and general performer, advertises that he can be engaged.

A GENTLEMAN who has had considerable experience as business manager and agent, having been connected with some of the most prominent stars in that capacity, advertises that he is prepared to accept of an engagement.

MLLE. ZOE and her dramatic company performed in Franklin, Pa., Feb. 20th, 21st and 22d; Rouseville, 23d, 24th and 25th, and go thence to Oil City.

JOHN E. OWENS is meeting with great success in the provinces, under the management of Mr. C. W. Taylieure. At his recent performances in Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 22d and 23d, so great was the demand for seats that a premium of $2 each was paid for orchestra chairs, notwithstanding the regular prices had been raised. He is announced to perform in Springfield, Mass., 27th and 28th; Lynn, March 1st; Lowell, 2d, and Portland, Me., 3d and 4th. The tour will continue two weeks after the present.

MR. M. W. CANNING retires from the management of the new Pittsburgh Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., at the close of the present week, having been called to the ill health of his wife. The climate there does not agree with her, and, notwithstanding that the most advantageous offers have been made him to remain, under these circumstances he feels obliged to decline them. In company with his wife he will sail for Europe about June 1st, and intends remaining abroad some time.

THE ALLEN LOVE'S NEW YORK BURLESQUE COMPANY commenced a season of three nights in Wellsville, N. Y., Feb. 25th. This troupe was recently known as Nellie O'Neal's.

KATE ESTELLE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed during the past week in Cuba and Friendship, N. Y.

JAMES F. SHERRY'S NEW YORK THEATRE COMPANY is billed to perform March 6th, 7th and 8th, in Simmons' Opera House, Wellsville, N. Y., opening with "Rip Van Winkle."

LINA EDWIN'S BURLESQUE COMPANY performed in Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 20th and 21st, and 24th and 25th; Ansonia, Conn., 23d and 23d.

JOE MURPHY closed a two weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., on Feb. 20th. Mr. F. Barnes was announced to succeed him, opening Feb. 27th.

WALTER MONTGOMERY was the star at the Trimble Opera House, Albany, N. Y., the past week. Oliver Doud Byron opens there to-night, Feb. 27th.

JOE MURPHY is announced to play in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 27th and 28th.

Musical.

A LEADER OF ORCHESTRA, who is accustomed to variety business, is wanted by J. M. Mortimer, who advertises.

GEORGIE DEAN SPAULDING'S Classical and Comical Concert Troupe performed during the week in Lyons, N. Y., Palmyra, Mount Morris, Genesee, Le Roy, and Batavia, and are announced to sing the present week in Silver Creek, Dunkirk, Fredonia, Mayfield, Westfield, and North East, Pa.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS and her Concert Troupe performed in Weisiger Hall, Louisville, Ky., Feb. 20th.

GEORGE E. BLAKE, the oldest music publisher in the United States, died in Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 23d, aged about 96 years. He was born in England and left that country in 1791, being then about 12 years of age; came to Philadelphia, where he followed for some time the profession of a music teacher; subsequently embarked in publishing music and dealing in musical instruments; was one of the first to import pianos from Europe to this country, and was one of the first, if not the first, music publishers in the United States. His store was a favorite resort for those who desired to procure old music which they could not find elsewhere. He had been a widower for about twenty-one years previous to his demise, and left four children.

THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS, under the management of Kerr and De Haven, performed in Altoona, Pa., on Feb. 25th. This troupe has recently been re-organized and now consists of the following artists:—Mrs. E. M. Kerr, soprano; Miss Julia Fordham, contralto; J. C. Kenny, tenor, and performer upon the musical glasses; E. M. Kerr, basso and elocutionist. Claude de Haven is the business manager.

THE ATTY CONCERT TROUPE sang in Erie, Pa., Feb. 24th; Corry, 25th; and is announced in Meadville, 27th; Franklin, 28th; Oil City, March 1st; Petroleum Centre, 2d; Titusville, 3d; Jamestown, N. Y., 4th; Hornellsville, 6th; Corning, 7th; Bath, 8th; Dansville, 9th, and Mount Morris, 10th. Miss Ottie Moore, soprano, recently joined this troupe in place of Miss Frances Westcott.

MISS JEANIE WATSON, Scotch vocalist, assisted by J. F. Hardy, vocalist and pianist, under the management of Frank Knight, gave a concert in Guelph, Ont., Feb. 20th. They will shortly visit London, Canada, and Detroit, Mich.

AT THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE, NEW ORLEANS, LA., during the week ending February 19th, the performance commenced with "William Tell" on Monday; "Faust" on Tuesday; the "Queen of Cyprus" on Thursday; the "Barber of Seville" at the *matinee* on Saturday, with Verdi's "Jerusalem" in the evening, and "Le Songe d'Une Nuit d'Ete" (a midsummer's night's song) by Ambrose Thomas, with an operatic tride entitled "Deux Vieilles Gardes" (two old guards). On Sunday evening Mme. Naddi, the soprano, appeared as Marguerite in "Faust," Princess Mathilde in "Tell," and as Rosina in the "Barber," while Mme. Von Heisberg, the contralto, was only heard once, and that as Catarina in the "Queen of Cyprus." Mme. Rozes sang the *role* of Helene in "Jerusalem" with a full voice and fine effect, while Mme. Dumestre, the charming soubrette, gave increased pleasure to her admirers by her impersonation of Jemmy in "William Tell," and as Siebel in "Faust." Of the gentlemen, Mr. Lefranc has only appeared once, in consequence of a severe hoarseness, the effects of which considerably marred his singing in "William Tell." In the "Queen of Cyprus" and "Jerusalem" Mr. Caseaux, the second tenor, was effective, as also was the basso, Mr. Castelmary, in the roles of Mephistophiles in "Faust," and Cornaro in the "Queen of Cyprus," but in consequence of Mr. Castelmary's indisposition Mr. Ferie was compelled to sing the *roles* of Gaston and Roger in "Jerusalem," which he did in an exceedingly pleasing manner. Mr. Dumestre, the baritone, was equally pleasing as Figaro, the barber, Tell, the patriot, and Lusignan, the King of Cyprus. The several minor *roles* were well sung and the chorus and orchestra were good. Especially was this so in Thomas' gem on Sunday night, and in which Madam Naddi appeared as Queen Elizabeth, Mlle. Dumestre as Oliva, M. De Keghel as Shakespeare, and M. Perie as Talbot. In the afterpiece, Messrs. Vallee and Benedick, as the two old guards, acquitted themselves with great credit. On Monday evening, Mr. Lefranc was announced to appear in "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mme. Naddi as Lucia. So writes our correspondent "Crescent."

THE NILSSON PARTY gave their last concert in Cincinnati, on Monday, 20th, proceeding thence to Columbus, Ohio. It was to have partially consisted of the oratorio of the "Stabat Mater," with the choruses by the Harmonic Society, but the project had to be abandoned, as an orchestra could not be procured, all of the resident musicians being engaged for that night for a German ball. The party will return to Portopolis some time in March, when the oratorio will be performed.

A MATINEE CONCERT, in aid of the "Women's Christian Association," was given at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 25th. Mrs. Edmund Dexter was the soprano, assisted by Miss Orsench, Miss Clayton, Julius Tosso, Mr. Harvey and Prof. H. J. Smith.

THE ENGLISH OPERA COMBINATION commenced a week's engagement at the Pittsburgh Opera House on the 20th of February, producing for the initial performance "Fidelio," to a good but not crowded audience. "Fidelio" was new to the auditors and was not generally appreciated. The music was too elaborate and there seemed to be nothing in the composition of the opera that commanded approbation. "Maritana" was presented on the 21st, with Rose Hersee as Maritana. "Martha" was given on the 22d to the largest and most select audience of the week. The caste introduced Mrs. Bernard, Mrs. Seguin and Messrs. Castle and Campbell. The performance was a rare musical entertainment, every character having been rendered to the satisfaction of all present. "The Huguenots" drew a good audience on the 23d. "Der Freischutz" was presented on the 24th, for Saturday's *matinee* "Fra Diavolo," and on Saturday evening "Oberon." Zavistowski Sisters this week.

THE WONDERFUL CHILD VIOLINIST, "Americus," will give a series of concerts at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the evenings of Feb. 27th, 28th and March 1st. The following artists will appear in these concerts:—Signora Roselli, Signora Tedesco, Mlle. Frieda De Gebele, Mr. Albert Lawrence, Signor Wilhelm Lotti and Mr. J. A. Dawson. Mr. Wm. Appy will act as conductor. Mr. A. Cassidy officiates in the capacity of business manager.

THE GERMAN OPERA TROUPE, under the management of Mr. Leonard Grover, will commence a brief season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 3d of March. The troupe includes Mlle. Rosetti, Mme. Lichtmay, Mme. Frederici, Mlle. Rocmer, Theodor Habelmann, Carl Formes and other well known artists. The list of operas to be produced during the season of seven nights and one *matinee* comprises the "Jewess," "Fra Diavolo," "The Magic Flute," "The Huguenots," "William Tell," "Tannhauser," "Stradella" and "Il Trovatore."

AT THE VARIETIES THEATRE, St. Louis, Mo., HARRY MACARTHY made his first appearance on Sunday evening, 19th, in his character sketches, songs, &c. The performances, the past week, concluded with a Dutch farce entitled "I Smokes Mine Pipe," in which Harry Macarthy played the leading *role*. Clark Gibbs' benefit on Friday, 17th, was a success and he had a full house. He met with a fine reception upon his appearance. Mr. Jack, clog dancer, appeared on Monday, 20th..... At Carroll's, Mr. W. Scott, the stage manager, had a benefit on Friday, the 17th, and was presented with an ebony gold headed cane by the company.....Joe Henry's Sixth Street Varieties is doing immense business. Charley Armstrong, Ethiopian comedian, was to open on Sunday, the 26th.

THE HEYWOOD AND CHISESKI COMBINATION disbanded in Williamsport, Pa., on account of James Heywood having been seriously injured by being thrown down an embankment some forty feet, while in a car on the Northern Central R. R., of Pennsylvania, *en route* to Williamsport, where the troupe were to have performed Feb. 23d and 24th. The performances were postponed until the 25th, when the company tendered Mr. Heywood a benefit, and their season closed.

Negro Minstrelsy.

THE EXCELSIOR FEMALE MINSTRELS, from the Seventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, were announced to give a concert in Institute Hall, Wilmington, Del., on Feb. 22d. A large audience assembled, and, at the hour for the performance to commence, the agent of the party appeared upon the stage and stated that the orchestra, through intoxication, had disappointed them, and in consequence it would be utterly impossible for them to give a performance. Requesting the audience to remain seated, he stated that an agent would pass around the hall and give them tickets for the next evening, when the performance would be given. Some one cried out, "Give us our money," when a scene of confusion ensued. The agent, finding it impossible to make himself heard, retired to one of the dressing-rooms. The crowd rushed upon the stage and broke open the dressing-room door and handled the agent somewhat roughly. The adjoining room, containing the ladies, was also broken open and the occupants were much terrified, although no violence was offered them. A rush was made for the ticket office, and, that being forced, the crowd commenced helping themselves to the receipts. Finally the police interfered and took charge of such funds as they could find, and it is supposed they intended to pay the proprietor his bill and divide the balance between the Children's Home and the Catholic Orphan Asylum. To protect them from the violence of the mob the police arrested some members of the troupe and carried them to the police office for safety. In the meantime several persons had got out writs for the members of the troupe could have been arrested, but the Chief of Police paid all those claims and hurried the performers off to Philadelphia.

SIMMONS AND SLOCUM'S Minstrels presented an attractive programme last week, receiving a large share of public patronage at their elegant Arch Street Opera House, Philadelphia. Their Opening Chorus on Monday night with much taste a new ballad entitled "The Little Church 'Round the Corner," and Lew Simmons was loudly applauded in "Carry the News." The *finale* a novel, introducing the troupe as the "Palace Brass Band," and they play a medley in very good style. The second part consists of the burlesque protean act of Bowman and Harris; a burlesque scene from "Norma," amusingly rendered by W. Henry Rice; the laughable burlesque entitled "The Robbery of the Kensington Bank," Charles Armstrong in a song and dance, an amusing sketch entitled "The Mysterious Pepper Box," and the excellent local burlesque of "The Great City; or, Across the Plains," bringing to a close a very enjoyable entertainment. The "Magic of Lew Simmons in the last burlesque is an excellent bit of acting, and the scenery is good, especially the view of "Chestnut Street Bridge." On Monday, March 6th, a new burlesque, arranged by Robert Frazer, and entitled "On Deck; or, Life on the Ocean Wave," will be produced with new scenery and mechanical effects.

DELEHANTY AND HENGLER commence a limited engagement with Carncross and Dixey's Minstrels, Philadelphia, on the 27th, appearing in "My Little Bunch of Roses," "Apple of My Eye" and "Ambitious Young Men."

BUSINESS WAS EXCELLENT during the past week at Sam Sanford's New Opera House, No. 923 North Second street, Philadelphia. The programme embraced the most attractive acts of Sam Sanford's Minstrels and Kate Partington's Variety Troupe, the most prominent features being "Drawing-room Portraits, well rendered by Harry and Fannie Wood; Kate Partington, in her protean character act, and Sanford in his inimitable part of Ginger Blue, in the amusing farce of "The Virginia Mummy." J. H. Childer, the "Zouave Drillist," makes his first appearance in Philadelphia at this establishment on Feb. 27th.

SWIFT AND GAYLORD'S Minstrels open at Bunting's Hall, Lancaster, Pa., March 6th.

MORRIS BROTHERS, Lou and Charley, with their Minstrel Troupe, have occupied the Olympic Theatre, Boston, during the past week and have done a fair business.

HARRY FORD, banjo player, who can be addressed care of this office, desires an engagement.

A YOUNG MAN, who can do end business and a bone solo, wants a situation to learn the business. See J. B. W.'s advertisement.

CANVASES, *trapeze* bars, and two organs are advertised for sale by Ham Norman.

Amateur.

THE BROUGHAM CLUB played in Lawrence, Mass., on Feb. 17th "Don Cæsar de Bazan" and the "Irish Tutor," the former C. Richmond acted Don Cæsar; J. White, Don Jose, and Miss A. Verner, Maritana. In the latter, J. Hennessey acted Dr. O'Toole.

THE DAVENPORT CLUB, of Cincinnati, are to give some scenes from "Hamlet" and "His Last Legs," on Friday, March 31. They rendered "Michael Erle" on the 17th, in which Mr. Reinschild, as Michael Erle, made a hit..... The Shakespeare Club, of the same city, gave "Brutus" on the 21st. It was hardly a brilliant success, the part of John Unit being too measured and slow. Some of the dialogue in the play is also too lengthy and monotonous.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Dramatic.

CONCERNING AMUSEMENTS IN GENERAL IN LONDON, Eng., and the provinces, our advices are up to Feb. 19th. On one of our outside pages a full account of "Deadman's Point"—Burnand's new play—may be found.....At the St. James', Farnie's burlesque of "Faust" has made a success. Mrs. John Wood is spoken of as follows:—"Her impersonation of Vesta was one of the most lady-like and finished bits of burlesque acting we have seen for a long time past. It is really a treat to see such a performance in these days, when a burlesque actress is synonymous with all kinds of incompetence."..... At the Strand, Arthur Reichler's new comedy drama is destined to attain great popularity. The incidents are familiar and common-place, yet the comedy is not without merit. The story may be briefly told in the following language:—Muggeridge, a retired potato merchant, with a good heart and a foolish head, has made a fortune less in the way of trade than in that of speculation. He retires accordingly from business and commences to live as an aristocrat in a fashionable house in Bayswater. A host of fashionable swindlers bent on plucking the pigeon that seems to come before them for that purpose, crowd into the house. Mrs. Muggeridge finds herself kissed and robbed by the daughters of dukes, and Mr. Muggeridge sees himself slapped on the back and treated by the oldest baronets in the kingdom. Fashion is out of place in the midst of silk and satin, and when plain-speaking friends and relatives present themselves, their inconvenient frankness secures them prompt dismissal. In the whirligig of time brings about its revenge. Muggeridge, robbed of all his possessions, finds himself deserted by his new friends, and owes his restoration to comfort to the readily awarded services of those he had scorned and maltreated in the old order of things. Muggeridge, who had come to consider her during every change of fortune, is made happy with her hand, and a cheery old uncle who has saved the family fortunes from utter wreck, is provided with a bed-room in the new and modernized old house the Muggeridges are about to inhabit.....At the Covent Garden the pantomime of the "Sleeping Beauty" was announced to be performed on Feb. 18th for the last time. Mr. Edmund Falconer was announced for a benefit on Feb. 16th, when an unusually combination of dramatic and musical artists were announced to appear. Among them Mrs. H. Vezin and H. Neville were to play Pauline and Claude in the "Lady of Lyons;" Mr. and Mrs. Rousby were to act in "Delicate Ground;" James Anderson, Mr. Addison, Mr. Swinbourne and Miss Rogers in the "School for Scandal;" Miss Neilson in "Romeo and Juliet;" Messrs. Buckstone and Toole in "Box and Cox;" Mr. Falconer was to have recited "Anne Hathaway;" Mr. Herman Vezin "After the Chase," Miss Neilson "The Charge of the Light Brigade;" Mr. Hamley and Miss Edith Wynne were to contribute some songs..... A new domestic drama from the pen of M. J. Byron, in which Mr. Toole and Miss Carlotta Addison will sustain the principal parts, was in rehearsal at the Gaiety..... There had been no change at the other theatres..... We glean from our exchanges the following additional particulars with regard to the late T. W. Robertson:—His first original production was a drama entitled "A Night's Adventure," which was produced at the Olympic under the management of Mr. Farren in 1851. He produced an original farce called "The Cantab," at the Strand, in 1861. He produced "David Garrick," at the Haymarket, in 1864. His funeral took place Feb. 23, at Abney Park Cemetery, Miss Marie Wilton, (Mrs. Bancroft) announced that the Prince of Wales Theatre would be closed on the evening of the funeral. The grave reserved for the deceased was where his first wife and infant daughter had been buried, at the dates recorded in the inscription on the tomb:—"To the memory of Elizabeth Jane Robertson, who died August 14th, 1868, aged 29; also of an infant daughter, who died January 7th, 1861." At half past one the funeral cortege arrived at the gates of the cemetery. The immediate friends and relatives of the deceased had met at the residence in Eton Road, Haverstock Hill, at half-past eleven o'clock, and the mournful procession was then formed. The first coach contained Messrs. R. Robertson (brother), Feist (father-in-law), Kendal (brother-in-law) and Master Robertson (son). In the following coaches were Messrs. Tom Hood and Tom Archer (executors), Dion Boucicault, S. Emery, A. Halliday, J. Farra, R. Draper, C. C. Barnes and Dr. Rae. The burial service was read by the Rev. J. H. Eddon, the residential chaplain, and the chapel in which the impressive ceremony was conducted was densely thronged during the whole time. Nearly every theatre in London sent its representatives. Among the composers there gathered round the last resting place of the eminent dramatist may be mentioned the names of Mr. J. M. Levy, Mr. Edward Levy, Mr. Lionel Lawrence, Mr. Pitt Blanchamp, Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Ada, Mr

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THE SATSUMA TROUPE.
The following note, addressed to the director of the SATSUMA TROUPE by the managers of the Academy of Music, officially announces a fact of which the public is fully aware:

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Feb. 13th, 1871.

D. B. HODGES, Esq.—DEAR SIR.—We hereby certify that the gross receipts of our Academy of Music in New Orleans during the week just finished by the Satsuma Royal Japanese was greater than received by any other combination that has performed in the same theatre for the last two years. We cheerfully recommend this troupe to managers of first class theatres.
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